TRUTH ILLUMINATED

Edited by

WILLIAM NORTON

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There is an intriguing little tale about Raphael and his gifted pupil, Romano, that illustrates this. Raphael, most connoisseurs agree, ranks among the four or five great painters of the world. Perhaps his greatest picture is the Transfiguration, and it is not his work alone. When the picture was litle more than half finished, Raphael died. Who now would be able to complete what the great master had begun? Fingers pointed to Romano. For many years he had lived with Raphael, day by day watching him at work. He had studied under him, caught his spirit, learned the mastery of his colors, copied the technique of his brush, imbibed the very atmosphere of Raphael's life and work. Because of this, he was able to carry the Transfiguration forward to completion and so excellent was his work that only the trained expert can detect where Raphael's brushing ended and Romano's began. The pupil became adept in the art of the master because he lived close to him.

What is the secret of a better life? Let Romano answer. It is bringing ourselves into the most intimate touch with that Master of holy living, Jesus Christ. It is sitting with Mary at Jesus' feet to learn His Word and will, patterning after Him, walking in His steps.

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Truth Illuminated

GOSPEL ILLUSTRATIONS FOR PULPIT AND PEW

Gathered and Edited by
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WITH INDEX

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Truth Illuminated

ADVERSITY

1 THE MINISTRY OF HARDSHIPS

THE great composer Franz Schubert, who wrote "The Serenade," was the son of a poor schoolmaster. To eke out the family living the young man assisted his father in "A-B-C work," unspeakably distasteful to him. But he sought and found continual solace in music, and the ideas that came spontaneously and clamoured for expression were multiplied and manifold. In one year he wrote one hundred and fifty songs, six dramatic works, two symphonies, and much church and chamber music. Later, an ardent and friendly admirer, discovering his straitened life and uncongenial drudgery, offered the composer a comfortable home. There was glad acceptance and great appreciation, but during the year following, although Schubert wrote two of his finest songs, he did not do anything like the amount of excellent and lasting work which he had produced the year before, under the stress and stimulus of adverse circumstances and the recourse to music as a relief. *It is often the greatest unkindness to make things too easy.*

2 ALL FOR THE BEST

ONE night, on the wild Newfoundland coast, a fierce storm arose before the fishing fleet could make the harbour. Wives and children strained their

tear-dimmed eyes, hoping to see through the darkness and tempest the coming sails. About midnight it was discovered that the cottage of one of the fishermen was on fire, and, notwithstanding all their efforts, was totally destroyed. When morning dawned the fleet was found safely anchored in the bay. As the wife went to greet her husband with the tidings of the loss, he said: "Wife, I thank God for the burning of the house, for *it was by its light that the fleet was able to make the port; but for the fire, we had all perished.*"

AFFLICTION

3 "IN A PINCH"

WE had some chrysanthemums in our backyard. I went out one day and said, "They tell me if I pinch you back, you will amount to more."

The stalk said, "Look at me. I have already developed two or three branches of size, and there are numerous buds. It will be a shame to pinch me back; besides, you will not have as many flowers."

"That seems reasonable," I said, "but I am told that if I do not pinch off the other two stalks and all the buds save the one at the top, you will not be much in the world."

We had quite an argument; but the stalk looked so thrifty and I wondered just whether my scientific advisers really knew what they were talking about. So I said, "Well, I'll let you alone; but remember, it is up to you to make good."

I let it grow, much to the disgust of the advisory board of our household. It became quite a plant. It sprawled lazily over much territory, and some of the

stalks seemed weak and lay down on the ground. When the autumn came—the time for chrysanthemums to bloom—I had quite a bush, covered with little blooms no larger than asters. I was the butt of the neighbourhood.

My neighbour had a different experience. His chrysanthemum also pleaded for its life; but my neighbour said, "You will be grander and finer in every way if I pinch off all the buds but one." It seemed a heartless thing, but he did it.

Later on, off came more buds. A bud had no chance with him, save the terminal. That stalk grew straight and strong. A wondrous flower burst into bloom like a fountain of glory. My flowers reproached me for not making them big and grand like those of my neighbour.

"In a pinch," are you? Maybe the Gardener would have you the glory of the garden.—Selected.

4 COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED

THE truth of the saying that "troubles never come singly" was fully recognized by John Smith, a Glasgow upholsterer, when, while absently walking along a street without looking where he was going, he fell down an open chute into a coal-cellar. Not only was he hurt severely by the fall, but, to make matters worse, a teamster who was engaged in unloading dross into the cellar, having failed to observe the accident, emptied a cartload on top of the unfortunate man. On his plight being discovered, he had to be removed to the hospital. There are many true believers today, upon whom trouble after trouble has fallen, and over whom wave after wave has rolled; and these very ex-

periences may be but the fulfilment of Christ's prophecy, that "troubles" of a special character would come upon His disciples as the last days of this dispensation expire (Mark 13:8). Let all tried and troubled ones remember that "*It is a righteous thing with God to recompense affliction to them that afflict you, and to you who are afflicted rest with us, at the revelation of the Lord Jesus from heaven.*"

5 THE SMILE THAT SAVED A LIFE

ON the door leading into the private office of the managing director of one of the biggest banking institutions in London may be seen a plain white card on which are these two words: "Keep smiling!" The banker tells of a visitor who came to see him—a Scotsman, who had served in India in the army.

"My dear sir," said the visitor, "I greet that legend heartily. Many years ago, when the plague was raging, I was in Calcutta, and ill. The hospitals were full, and with other patients I was lying in a shed, a very sick man. On each side of me a poor chap had died, and a man came round with one of the doctors to measure the bodies. As they finished the second measurement they looked at me, and the man said, 'Three of 'em, eh?' and whipped out his tape-measure at my side.

"In spite of all effort, I could only stare. To save my life, I couldn't speak or move. All I could do was to smile, and I just smiled. Instead of the measuring line, I was given better attention, and recovered. The smile did it!"

Yes, a smile is the cheapest thing in the world, and the easiest to give—and the hardest, too—under some

circumstances. But it is a fine thing for disarming disaster, for pulling the sting out of hard times and difficult, dark days. It is hard for trouble to be as bad as it might be, if we can rally all our forces and smile at it.—J. Learmount.

6 ROMANS 8:28

WHEN a person is ill and a doctor called in, he usually writes out a prescription for medicine, which is taken to a druggist who prepares it. He takes an empty bottle and puts into it so much liquid out of one bottle, so much powder out of another bottle, and so on, and puts a label on it with the words, "Shake the bottle." All those different medicines work together for the good of the patient. The liquid may be disagreeable to the taste, but it is for the sick person's good. *So all things, even the bitter disagreeable things which God allows to reach us, are all for our good.* "All things work together for good to them that love God."

AMBITION

7 EARTHLY FAME

IN Westminster Abbey there are a number of monuments bearing names which no one seems to know anything about. Probably when the persons who bore them ended their earthly careers, they were famous, but through the lapse of years, they have been forgotten. A visitor to Westminster Abbey, not long ago, asked a custodian for information concerning a man who had been accorded the honour of a memorial, and the officer replied that he had not the slightest idea who he was. *Such is earthly fame! Men toil hard to*

make names for themselves, but in the majority of cases they are soon forgotten.—A. C. Crews.

ANGER

8 MONEY LOSS THROUGH ANGER

THE *Washington Star* illustrates, by a forcible example from real life, *the money loss that may result from anger.*

A certain scientist had a negro servant who exasperated him by his stupidity. One day, when he was more stupid than usual, his angry master threw a book at his head. The negro ducked, and the book flew out of the window.

"Now, go and pick that book up!" ordered the master. The negro started to obey, but a passer-by had walked off with the book. The scientist thereupon began to wonder what book he had thrown away. To his horror he discovered that it was a quaint and rare volume on mathematics which he had purchased in London, for fifty dollars.

"The next time I feel it is absolutely necessary to throw things," he exclaimed, "I'll choose something less expensive than a favourite book."

But his troubles were not over. The weeks went by, and time had begun to assuage his grief, when, strolling into a second-hand book shop, he perceived to his great delight a copy of the book he had lost. He asked the price.

"Well," said the dealer reflectively, "I guess we can let you have it for forty dollars. It's a pretty rare book, and I dare say I could get seventy-five dollars by holding on to it a while."

The man of science pulled out his wallet and pro-

duced the money, delighted at the opportunity of replacing his lost treasure. When he reached home, he sat down to gloat over his find, and a card dropped out. The card was his own, and further examination showed that he had bought back his own property.

" Forty dollars' worth of temper! Huh! I think I shall mend my ways," he was overheard to say. His daughter, who tells the story with glee, declares that the negro servant is positively worried over the sunny disposition of her father. He feels that the worthy man must be ill.

APPRECIATION

9 SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT

AN old man stood before a painting of one of the great masters in an art museum. For more than an hour he studied the picture. The emotion of his soul, revealed by an occasional tear that trickled down his cheek, indicated the forceful message which the artist had attempted to give the world.

Another man, who had time and sufficient interest to visit the museum, had for some time observed the old man as he stood entranced before the great picture, approached him and said, " Stranger, you seem to be very much interested in this picture. Personally, I can see nothing in it. Would you mind telling me what *you* see that interests you? "

With a kindly face, which told of scholarly attainment and culture, the old man replied, " Did you say you can see nothing in that picture? "

" Yes," replied the questioner with embarrassment, " I must confess I cannot."

In sympathetic and subdued tone the old man replied, " *Don't you wish you could?* "—J. Braid Craig.

APPROPRIATION

10 " CASH IN! "

CHARLES H. SPURGEON used to tell of a poor woman who framed a check for twelve thousand dollars, which had been given to her by a dying friend. She had no idea that it had any immediate value, and had retained it as a keepsake. Mr. Spurgeon soon turned it into cash and a comfortable competence for her. *What a blessing it would be if we could translate God's love and power and promises into present possessions!—Sunday Circle.*

11 FAITH'S ACTION

AIR is universal, but unless each individual pair of lungs puts in its claim for supplies, it might as well be in a vacuum. Here, for example, we rescue a drowning man, and begin to induce artificial respiration. " What is wrong? " a bystander asks. We say, " The man cannot breathe." " Is there not enough air? " he asks. " Yes," we reply, " plenty of air, miles of it, but unless he can be made to draw on it his life is a vanishing spark." So with salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. *Unless your faith takes hold of Him there is but death for you.—Sunday-School Chronicle.*

ASPIRATION

12 VISIONS AND DREAMS

ONE good vision is worth a hundred dreams. People are asleep when they dream a dream; and when they wake, behold, it is gone! It flashed in, it

flashed out, and that was the end of it. Not so with a good vision! It is only wide-awake people who see visions. A vision lasts. It spurs us onward, upward. It gets into our soul, lays hold on timidity, fear, doubt, procrastination; casts them overboard and clears the deck for action. *A vision is worth paying for, and worth praying for.*—John Benjamin Lawrence.

ATONEMENT

13 "WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED"

A STRANGER came to a great preacher after a sermon on the Cross of Christ and said: "I don't like your preaching. I do not care for the Cross. I think that instead of preaching the death of Christ on the Cross, it would be better to preach Jesus, the teacher and example." "Would you be willing, if I preach Christ the example, to follow Him?" asked the preacher. "Let us take the first step." "All right," said the stranger. "This," said the preacher, "is the first step. 'Who knew no sin.' Can you take that step?" The stranger was confused, and said, "No; I do know sin. I acknowledge it." "Then," said the preacher, "*you do not need Christ for an example, you need Him for a Saviour.*"—J. B. Smith.

14 THE "SCARLET THREAD"

SAID a friend to John Newton: "I cannot see the doctrine of atonement in the Scriptures." "I tried to light my candle the other evening," replied Newton, "with the extinguisher on it."

Any one who reads the Bible without seeing atone-

ment has, on his mind, the extinguisher of prejudice or false teaching. It is the sun in the heavens of revealed truth. The types of the Old Testament, the ordinances of the New, the teachings of prophet and apostle join with John the Baptist in saying, "Behold the Lamb of God." *As the scarlet thread runs through all the cordage of the British navy, so the atonement of Christ runs through all the teaching of the Bible.*—A. C. Dixon.

BIBLE

15 CHRIST IN THE SCRIPTURES

A GENTLEMAN had in his library an engraving of the constitution of the United States, so shaded that one view of it brought out the features of George Washington. One aspect of this engraving shows only a legal document, another is a picture of the Father of his Country. So with the Bible. One view of it is but a collection of history, biography, poetry, and philosophy; but another view is Christ. And *this is the true purpose of the Scriptures, to show Christ to the world, as the Son of God, the Saviour of men.—S. S. Quarterly.*

16 WHEN THE CRITICS ARE THROUGH

WHEN I was in China I was told of a missionary who, at the close of a discussion on the Bible, when the battle is over and all the smoke of battle cleared away, remarked, if the books of the Bible could speak they would say to us what Paul said to the gaoler: "Do thyself no harm: for *we are all here.*"—W. H. Griffith Thomas.

The King's Library

BIBLE READING

17 A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

SOME years ago a woman consulted a famous New York physician about her health. She was a woman of nervous temperament, and gave the doctor a list of her symptoms, and answered his questions only to be astonished at his brief prescription at the end: "Go home, and read your Bible an hour every day; then come back to me a month from today." At first, she was inclined to be angry; then she reflected that the prescription was not an expensive one. She went home determined to read conscientiously her neglected Bible. In a month she went back to the doctor a different woman, and asked him how he knew just what she needed? The physician turned to his desk. There, worn and marked, lay an open Bible. "Madam," he said in answer, "*if I were to omit my daily reading of this Book, I would lose my greatest source of strength and skill.*"—*Wellspring.*

18 LIGHT PROVIDED

THE man came to read the gas meter. We had been cleaning the cellar and some pails were left on the steps. We warned him to be careful, and as he flashed a lamp he carried, he said: "We have to carry a lamp with us; if we didn't we could not see, coming into dark places out of the sunlight. Yesterday in all probability I would have been killed if I had had no lamp with me. I entered a house which was undergoing repairs, and the people never thought to tell me that the cellar-stairs had been removed. I was just about to go down, when the lamp revealed my danger in time to save me from falling to the concrete floor

below." *We are apt to meet many such dangers in our spiritual life, but God has provided us with a lamp. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."* This lamp will reveal to us the dangers that lie in our pathway."—*Young People.*

19 IS YOUR BIBLE INTERESTING?

LITTLE Mary wanted to learn her Sunday-school lesson and had asked her older sister to help her. The sister finished her other duties and, taking her Bible from the bureau, said, "Come, Mary, I will help you now; then you can go back to your play."

Mary came running, all ready to begin, but on seeing the Bible her sister had brought, said, "Sister, let's read the lesson out of Grandpa's Bible."

"Why, what difference will that make?"

"Grandpa's Bible is much more interesting than yours."

"Oh, no, Mary. They are exactly alike."

"Well," replied the observant little girl, "I really think *Grandpa's Bible must be more interesting than yours, he reads it so much more."—Christian World.*

BIBLE, TRANSFORMING POWER OF

20 HE GOT A NEW BIBLE

I REMEMBER, in China, when we were having times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, a Chinese clergyman coming to me one morning and saying, "I've got a new Bible!"

I asked if he had bought a new copy of the Scriptures? "No," he said, "it's not that. But the Book that I have known for fifteen years is a new Book today."

The morning before, this man had stood up and with tears confessed to a hindrance in his life, that made it impossible for God's Spirit to have full possession of him. That morning the thing which had stood in his way was put right, the Spirit of God flooded his heart and he seemed to have a new Bible. *Your difficulties about the Bible will be solved when the Spirit of truth, who alone can guide you into all truth, comes in and takes possession of your heart.*— W. H. Aldis.

BURDENS

21 WHY CHRIST'S YOKE IS EASY

MARK GUY PEARSE gives an incident occurring in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the laboured and heavy laden. I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something." "Well, my friend," I said, "may I have it still?" "Do you know why his yoke is light, sir?" "Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose." "No," said he, shaking his head, "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home I used to drive the oxen, and the yoke was never made to balance—as *you* said. Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then we would put a weak bullock alongside a strong bullock; the light end would come on the weak ox, the heavier end on the stronger one. That's why the Lord's yoke is easy and His burden light, because His yoke is made after the same pattern, and *the heavy end is upon His shoulder.*"

22 SET DOWN THE BURDEN

AN aged, weary-looking woman, with a heavy basket upon her arm, entered the train. Carrying her burden down the aisle, she found an empty seat, of which she took possession. Instead of placing her burden on the floor or the seat beside her, she continued to hold it, shifting its weight from one knee to the other. A man across the aisle watched her for some time in silence; at last he reached over and touched the woman on the arm. "Madam," he said, *"if you set your basket down, the train will carry both it and you."*

How much of human nature there is in this little incident! Some people never try to "ease the burden" which circumstance has decreed shall be theirs. They insist on carrying it, even when they might temporarily lay it down and ease their breaking backs.—*Farm and Fireside.*

23 TRYING TO "HOLD THE WORLD UP"

THE late Dr. C. I. Scofield wrote to his friend, Dean William L. Pettingill, when the latter had a fit of discouragement over a physical ailment, as follows: "I've been through five nerve breakdowns and I know the distress—the greatest of which is the interruption of one's work. Do drop just a line to tell me that you are resting in Him and leaving it all to Him. My biggest job when I was going through a knockout was to get over holding the world up! Say, Will, just let the old thing fall!"

Elijah seems to have thought that it was up to him "to order the universe." But those experiences on the

top of Horeb proved to him that God was doing that.—Sunday School Times.

CHARACTER

24 GODLY CHARACTER COUNTS

A RETIRED minister was pruning one of his apple trees. Suddenly he became dizzy, and fell to the ground. His wife, looking out of the window, saw him on his knees. " Father," she called to him; " why are you doing your praying out there? " It was well known that the minister's devotional life was carefully nurtured, and his wife did not think there could be any other explanation of the fact of his being on his knees, except that he has praying. The lesson is surely one to be emphasized. *It means everything the way our friends instinctively interpret our actions.*

25 LIVING IN A GLASS HOUSE

A WORKMAN once came to Livius Drusus and offered, for five talents, to build walls around his home to prevent his neighbours from seeing into his house. But Livius Drusus offered the workman ten talents if he would make the walls transparent, that all Rome might see how he lived. The crucial test of character does not depend upon the courtesies of public life, but the courtesies of private life; not upon whether one is courteous to other people, but whether he is courteous to his own people. Are we as fair towards our own children as we are towards the boys and girls of other folk? *Are we as good as we want other people to think we are?*—John MacBeath.

CHILD, VALUE OF A

26 THE VALUE OF A CHILD

IN a remote district of Wales a baby boy lay dangerously ill. The widowed mother walked five miles in the night and through drenching rain to get a doctor. The doctor hesitated about making the trip, "Would it pay?" he questioned. He would receive no money, and, besides, if the child's life were saved, he would, no doubt, become only a poor labourer. But love for humanity and professional duty conquered, and the little life was saved. Years after, when this same child—Lloyd George—became Prime Minister of England, the doctor said, "*I never dreamed that in saving the life of that child on the farm hearth, I was saving the life of the greatest man in Wales.*"

CHILD TRAINING

27 CHILD TRAINING

ELI had two sons, Hophni and Phinehas. They "made themselves vile," and God's charge against Eli was that "he restrained them not." For the lack of timely correction on the part of parents many a lad is ruined for time and, possibly, for eternity. Samuel succeeded Eli in the office of priest, and he also had two sons, of whom it is said, "they walked not in the ways of their father." We do not read, however, of any blame being attached to Samuel for the conduct of his sons. In cases of family life it is difficult to offer judgment. *Grace does not run in the blood. Still, in connection with the training of children, precept and promise are closely allied in God's Word:* "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. 22:6).

CHRIST

28 THE WATER MARK ON THE LIFE

LOOKING in an old stamp-album recently, and comparing the contents with catalogue illustrations, I had, first, a big and pleasurable surprise and afterwards an equally big disappointment. I discovered an old stamp, and, after an exhaustive search, found, as I thought, that it was worth £3 10s. Showing it a day or two afterward to an expert, I learned it was worth a very questionable halfpenny! What made the difference? The fact was, there were two issues—one a large one, with thousands of specimens in existence; the other a very limited one, differing from the first by having a cross as watermark. Alas, there was no cross on mine! When held up to the light, the stamp was seen to be devoid of any such marking. When the life and person of Jesus Christ stand revealed by the light of God's Holy Spirit, the Cross stands out clear and plain, and He becomes priceless in His rarity and beauty. But *when our lives are put to the test, is the Cross visible upon them?—The Christian.*

29 INEFFECTIVE EXPERTS

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL told me about an interview he had with the late Dr. Joseph Parker. He went into the great preacher's study, and Dr. Parker said, "I have found a wonderful subject. It is the ineffectiveness of the expert. Can you tell me the text?"

Sir William could not do so, and Dr. Parker said, "This is it: 'The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner.'"

The men who knew most about stones, who handled them often and who ought to have known, did not know. Yet it became the headstone of the corner!

There are many who pose as experts, who do not know that the headstone of the corner is He whose Name is above every name.—W. Y. Fullerton.

30 A MASTER WORKMAN

A CARPENTER'S tools were stolen and shamefully misused and damaged. The chisels and planes were nicked, the saw's teeth blunted, the hammer handle was split, the axe dulled, the square bent, the plumb-line cut, even the oilstone broken in pieces. But the carpenter found his tools, and brought them back. He was building a house and needed them. It was indeed hard to lay out true work with a bent square or a frayed, knotted plumb-line; to cut wood with a dull axe or blunted, ill-set saw; to drive nails with a broken hammer or smooth boards with a nicked plane. Every piece of work, consequently, bore disfiguring marks. Yet the carpenter built his house. With wonderful skill he used these imperfect tools, in some way managing to hide their marring marks as he puts the work together. It was marvellous.

But this was the Carpenter of Nazareth! And men who were lost and then redeemed were the tools—the only tools He has with which to build His Church. How can He work with such instruments? For, is there any tool in all His equipment of evangelists, preachers, teachers, prayers, testifiers, that does not in some way betray a defect or lack? He puts some under the blows of affliction or against the grindstone of discipline, to bring them into the useful condition

He desires, but the temper of many of them is such that they fail to respond to His handling. And yet with these tools the Master must do His work. And He does it! *What a master workman He is!*—Henry W. Frost.

31 A SCIENTIST'S TESTIMONY

LORD KELVIN, regarded as one of the most distinguished scientists of the world, was approached by a pompous young scientist, who asked the eminent man which one of all his discoveries he considered to be the most valuable. *"I think that to me the most valuable of all the discoveries I have ever made was when I discovered my Saviour in Jesus Christ,"* was the unexpected reply.

32 LIKE SPOKES

CHARLES REED, an English Member of Parliament, said that he had, in his library, an old book describing the various sects of religion. The book belonged to his grandmother, and she had drawn, on the fly-leaf a rough diagram of a circle, with lines drawn from the circumference like spokes in a wheel. On these converging lines she had written the names of the various sects, with Christ at the centre: and underneath this legend: *"The nearer to Christ, the nearer to each other."*

CHRIST, COMPASSION OF

33 THE COMPASSION OF CHRIST

AT a railroad station in New Jersey a little girl stepped up to a manacled criminal, and, looking tenderly into his face, said: "Oh, man, I am so sorry

for you." This made him very angry, and he tried to strike her. Her mother forbade her to go near him again. But as they all waited for the train the mother's eyes were turned away, and once more the little tot stole up to the man and tenderly whispered to him: "Poor man, Jesus Christ is so sorry for you." He started, gave a low groan and offered no violence. Then the train came, the officers led him away, and the two parted for ever. But years afterwards the man came forth from prison a Christian and an evangelist, and he loved to tell how the compassion of the Lord Jesus from the lips of a little child broke his heart, saved his soul. *It is not alone our sympathy men want, but His!*

CHRIST, RESURRECTION OF

34 THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE

LUTHER was once found at a moment of fear, when he had need to grasp unseen strength, sitting in an abstracted mood tracing on the table with his finger the words, '*Vivit! vivit!*" ("He lives! He lives!"). This is our hope for ourselves, for His truth, and for mankind. Men come and go; teachers, thinkers speak and work for a season, and then fall silent. He abides. They die, but He lives. They are lights kindled, and therefore sooner or later quenched; but *He is the true Light from which is drawn all brightness, and He shines for evermore.*—Alexander Maclaren.

35 THE GRAVE POWERLESS TO HOLD CHRIST

A LINE from an old hymn says that Jesus Christ "burst the bars" of the grave and "tore its bands away." If a man bursts the bars of prison the

police of the commonwealth is after him to bring him back. If, on the contrary, he has served his full time, all the power in the state cannot retain him a single hour. Jesus Christ must remain in the grave three days "according to Scripture," but *after the three days had expired there was not power enough in heaven or in hell to retain Him another moment.*— A. J. Gordon.

36 JESUS' EPITAPH

WHEN we wander through a graveyard and look at the tombstones, or go into the church and examine the old monuments, we see one heading to them all: "Here lies." Then follows the name, date of death, and perhaps some praise of good qualities of the departed. But how different is the epitaph on the tomb of Jesus! It is not written in gold nor cut in stone; it is spoken by the mouth of an angel, and it is the exact reverse of what is put on all other tombs: *"He is not here."*

CHRIST, UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR

37 THE UNIVERSAL SAVIOUR

WE were looking at Thorwaldsen's statue, in one of the great churches in Copenhagen, of our Lord in the act of invitation: "Come unto Me." A gentleman who could speak English came and stood beside us, and said: "Has it occurred to you that the face of Christ is that of a Scandinavian?" There was not a vestige of the Jew about it; the great sculptor had given a Scandinavian countenance to Christ. Then I remembered that every Italian who has painted Christ has made Him an Italian, every

German, a German, every Englishman, an Englishman. The deep truth underlying this fact is that *He is just the Saviour that every nationality needs.*—A. C. Dixon.

CHRISTIANITY

38 IN THE PHYSICIAN'S PLACE

THE room was still. In the silence nothing could be heard except the ticking of the brass clock upon the mantel and the laboured breathing of the patient. The physician sat by the bedside with his watch in one hand and the fingers of the other on the wrist of the sick man.

Presently he rose and, turning to the frail woman sitting at the foot of the bed, said, "There's nothing more to do, my friend. It's just a question of time now, of hours, maybe only minutes." He paused and then continued softly, "I know I can say this to you, Mrs. Foreman, because I know who is going to come and sit by you when I go out. You can't realize how much easier it makes it for the physician to say these words when he knows his patients have the faith.

"Yes," he went on meditatively, "it means more to us than most folks think. Do you know, Mrs. Foreman, few doctors are unbelievers? Why? Well, they see so much. We know our so-called cures are only temporary at best. We only delay the coming of death; we don't destroy it. There comes a time when we can do no more. And when that comes, we know there is only one thing in the world that can help our patient; it's what we call Christianity—faith in God. There has been only one physician in the history of the

world who said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"I'm an old man, and I've seen a lot," he continued as he reached for his hat and medicine case. "Folks can ask me a hundred questions about Christianity that I can't answer. But I know this: it bridges the gulf. I don't have to be able to analyse the water I drink in order to quench my thirst. If it satisfies and meets my needs, that's enough for me. So when I go out and Christianity comes in and sits by the bed, and says, '*Lean upon me,' and I see my patient close his eyes with a smile and go to sleep like a trusting child—well, it would be pretty hard to convince me there's nothing in religion. I know there is.*"—*Youth's Companion.*

39 WHAT DR. JOWETT LEARNED

IN reviewing his first pastorate, which was at Newcastle, the late Dr. J. H. Jowett said: "I have learned this lesson, that sin is mighty, but God is mightier; I have learned that man is impotent himself; I have learned that no man need be regarded as beyond redemption; I have learned that for the ruined life there is restoration, a power, a peace, and a joy unspeakable; I have learned that the care and the misery of this church are in the homes where Christ is absent; I have learned that the happiest and most beautiful homes connected with this congregation are the homes of the redeemed. These are the lessons of my ministry. Upon the experience of these years, I declare with a glad and confident heart that *Jesus has power and willingness to redeem everybody.*"—*Southern Cross.*

40 "COME, AND . . . SEE"

SEVERAL men, who had been spending the summer in Saskatchewan, were returning on a Canadian Pacific steamer, and, one evening, got together and compared experiences.

"In travelling through Saskatchewan," said one, "I noticed the absence of the garden flowers and finer kinds of vegetables such as we are accustomed to in Ontario. I suppose they don't grow there."

A Western member of the party replied to this statement by going to his stateroom and returning with a huge bouquet of beautiful flowers which he placed upon the table, saying: "These flowers were picked in my garden in the city of Regina a day or so ago."

It was not necessary to say anything more. That bouquet was worth more than a hundred arguments. *Christianity stands or falls by its evident results. When the question is asked, "What can Christ do for men and women," the proper answer is, "Come, and . . . see."—Westminster Teacher.*

41 A QUAKER COSMETIC

AN elderly Quaker woman with beautiful complexion was asked what kind of cosmetic she used. In reply she is said to have offered this splendid prescription: "I use for my lips, *truth;* for my voice, *prayer;* for my eyes, *pity;* for my hands, *charity;* for my figure, *uprightness;* for my heart, *love.*" Who that has ever tried it found it to fail?

CHURCH, DEAD

42 DEAD, OR GROWING?

EVERY church is divided into two classes that may be called trees and posts. Plant a tree and it begins to grow. Stick out a post and it begins to rot. The difference between the trees and the post is simply a matter of life. The tree is alive, the post is dead. The pastor enjoys the living trees of his church, watching them grow and bear fruit, while he is often perplexed to know what to do with posts that show no signs of life. It takes much of his time and strength to paint, and prop, and, finally, have carried off the posts when they have fallen down." *Which are you, tree or post?*—A. C. Dixon.

43 "NUFFIN LEFT BUT JIST THE COB"

THEODORE L. CUYLER used to tell the following story: "We asked an old coloured preacher how his church was getting on? His answer was: 'Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder.' We ventured to ask the trouble, and he replied, 'De 'sieties, de 'sieties. De is just drawin' all de fatness and marrow outen eb'ry bone of the Lord's Body. We can't do nuffin without de 'siety. There is the Lincum 'Siety, wid Sister Jones and Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus' march right in front of de Daughters of Rebakah, den dar is de Dorcases, de Marthas, de Daughters of Ham, and Liberian Ladies.' 'Well, you have your brothers to help in church,' we suggested. 'No, sah, dar are de Masons, de Oddfellows, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims. Why,

brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pay all dues, an' tend all de meetings der is nuffin left for Mount Pisgah Church but jist de cob! *De co'n has all been shelled off and frowed to de speckled chickens.'"—Free Methodist.*

CHURCH ATTENDANCE

44 NEGLECTING THE CHURCH

MANY will say, "I can find God without the aid of the Bible, church or minister." Very well, do so if you can. The ferry company would feel no jealousy of a man who would swim from Jersey City to New York. Let him swim, if he can, and then talk about it on the other side. But undertaking such a swim would be the surest way to make him feel his need of a boat. *So with the man who undertakes to find God without the aid of the Bible or the Church.* If he really tries to find God alone it will be the surest way to bring him to realize he needs the help they can give.—*Teacher's Quarterly.*

45 GETTING PEOPLE TO CHURCH

AN old farmer, attending a church convention, chuckled to himself as he read over the subjects on the program. "See here," he said to his pastor, "there's one thing always amuses me when you church people go at the business.

"You've had discussions all day on how to get people to attend meetings. I've never heard a single address at a farmers' convention on how to get cattle up to the rack. *We put all our time in discussing the best kinds of feed.*

"I have a notion that if you put in more time on *what to put in the rack* you wouldn't have to spend so much discussing how to get your folks to attend."—Exchange.

46 WITNESS NEEDED

BROTHER PHILANDER," said a private member to a deacon, "don't you believe a man can be a good Christian without going to church or telling the world about it?"

"I expect so, if he thinks that way," answered old Philander. "*The mountains are full of coal that has never been dug, and the sea is full of fish that have never been caught, and that's all the good it does the world.*"—*Christian Herald.*

COMMANDMENTS

47 THE COMMANDMENTS

THIS is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To get this knowledge is to enter into blessedness. Reconciliation to God is like entering the gate of a beautiful avenue which conducts to a splendid mansion. But that avenue is long, and in some places, skirts the edge of dangerous cliffs; and to save the traveller from falling over where he would be dashed to pieces, it is fenced all the way by a quickset hedge. *That hedge is the Commandments. They are planted there that we may do ourselves no harm.* But, like a fence of the fragrant brier, they regale the pilgrim who keeps the path, and they only hurt him when he tries to break through.—James Hamilton.

COMMISSION

48 HIS PERMIT

IN Korea the Japanese officials require all mission workers to be registered. A policeman stopped one of the Bible Society colporteurs and asked for his permit.

"Here it is," said the colporteur, opening at the last chapter of Mark, and pointing to the words of the Great Commission:

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."

He was allowed to pass.—*Our Church Tie.*

COMMUNION

49 TOO BUSY TO LOVE

A FATHER had a daughter about eleven years old. They were great friends and much in each other's company. Then the father noted a change in his daughter. He was not able to get her company as he had been. If he proposed a walk, she excused herself from going. He grieved about it, but could not understand. When his birthday came, she presented him with a pair of exquisitely worked slippers, saying, "I have made them for you." Then he understood what had been the matter for the past three months, and he said, "My darling, I like these slippers very much, but next time, *buy* slippers and let me have *you.* I would rather have my child than anything she can make for me."

Some of us are so busy for the Lord that He cannot get much of us. To us He would say, "I know your works, your labour, your patience, but I miss the first love."—G. Campbell Morgan.

50 SHUT THE DOOR

A MAN was standing in a telephone booth trying to make out a message. He kept saying, "I can't hear, I can't hear." Another man said sharply, "If you'll shut the door, you can."

He could hear not only the voice on the wire, but the street and store noises, too. *Some folks have got their hearing badly confused because their doors have not been closed. Man's voice and God's voice have become mixed in their ears.* The trouble is partly with the door. If you'll shut that door, you can hear.—S. D. Gordon.

51 GOD WANTS YOU—ALL OF YOU!

A MAN went to California in the gold-rush days, and stayed away from his home for years. But he never allowed a month to go by without sending to his loved ones some token of his love. The finest pictures were in their home. The finest adornments of every sort were in every room; but at last, after years of separation, his wife wrote him, saying, "My husband, we are pleased with your offering, but the time has come when we want *you.*" *This is what God is saying. We have offered Him a little of our time and a very little of our money, and occasionally displays of our strength; but He is saying to us today, "My child, I want you and all there is of you."*—J. Wilbur Chapman.

52 ABOVE ALL ELSE

JOHN BROWN, of Haddington, said he would not exchange the learning of one hour's fellowship with Christ for all the liberal learning in ten thousand

universities during ten thousand years, even though angels were his teachers. Phillips Brooks was once crossing the Atlantic, and a young man wanting to see him, thought he was in his cabin, so he went to the door and knocked gently. As he got no answer, he opened the door, and found Brooks prostrate on the floor, and heard him say: "O Lord Jesus, Thou hast filled my life with peace and gladness. To look into Thy face is earth's most exquisite joy."—W. Y. Fullerton.

53 LIGHT AND FRUIT

A TREE planted at the south end of a house ran its branches round to the eastern corner. The south side, being the sunny one, had a noble burst of blossom on the tree, and when the fruit came it was rich, juicy, and abundant. But the blossoms round the corner, how different! They were starved and with but little promise of fruit. It was the same root and stem, but, whilst one part was in glorious, life-giving sunlight, the other was in cold shade and piercing wind. *We must keep ourselves in the love of God —as in sunlight—if we would bear "much fruit."*

CO-OPERATION

54 MUTUAL HELPFULNESS

A CHILD was lost in a great wheat field in the West. A large company of neighbours gathered to search for the little one. For some time each went where he pleased and they crossed and re-crossed each other's paths many times, but they did not find the baby. Then one man had a bright thought. He lined up the men on one side of the field, and had them clasp

hands, and shoulder to shoulder they went across the field and soon found the little one. *Too much energy is wasted in Christian work by failure to work together. United effort counts here as in every other form of work.—Teachers' Sunday School Quarterly.*

55 LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE

OUT in the prairie regions, when meetings are held at night in the log schoolhouses, the announcement of the meeting is given out in this way: "A meeting will be held by early candlelight." The first man who comes brings a tallow dip with him. It does not light the building much, but it is better than none at all. The next man brings his candle, and the next family bring their candles. By the time the house is full there is plenty of light. *So if we all shine a little there will be a good deal of light.*—D. L. Moody.

COMPANIONSHIP

56 THE LANGUAGE WHICH BINDS

IT is said that a converted Chinese and a Christian Fijian met on the deck of a ship, and conversed intelligently in the limited dialect of two words. One said, "Hallelujah," and the other said, "Amen." It does not require a big vocabulary of words to put heaven into a man's soul. Let him learn by experience the key words and he can shout with the redeemed though all be strangers to him. *The Christian religion is a heart language. It gives to those who enjoy it a common mother tongue.* No matter where we live, if we have the Spirit of Christ we feel it, and can hold communion with them.

CONSCIENCE

57 THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE

THEODORE PARKER, in his boyhood, often played in his father's backyard. One day, when he picked up a stone to throw at a living creature, he heard a voice say, " Don't throw." He looked to see who had spoken, and seeing no one, became scared, and ran in and told his mother.

" Mother, who spoke to me? " he asked.

" My son, some people call it conscience, but I call it God," replied his mother.

Whenever you hear a voice telling you that the thoughts you are thinking are evil, that the words you are about to speak are unkind, and that the deed you are about to perform is wrong, you may know that God is speaking to you through your conscience.

Be obedient to this voice. It tells you which road to avoid and points out the way you ought to take. Be sure you walk in the right road.—*Pioneer.*

CONSECRATION

58 A REAL QUIT-CLAIM DEED

CHARLES G. FINNEY relates the following incident which occurred under his ministry in Boston:

" I had insisted much in my instructions upon entire consecration to God—giving up all to Him, body, and soul, and possessions, to be for ever thereafter used for His glory—as a condition of acceptance. As was my custom in revivals, I made this as prominent as I well could.

" One day, as I went into meeting, one with whom

I had formed an acquaintance, and who had been in deep anxiety of mind, was waiting at the door of the church. As I went in he took out of his pocket a paper and handed it to me, remarking, ' I deliver this to you as the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.' I put it into my pocket until after meeting.

" On examining it I found it to be a quit-claim deed, made out in regular order and executed ready for delivery, in which *he quit-claimed to the Lord Jesus Christ all ownership of himself and of every thing he possessed.* The deed was in due form; with all the peculiarities and formalities of such conveyances."

59 RESULT OF FULL SURRENDER

SOME years ago, a young man in the University of Cambridge walked up and down a great avenue of elm trees through the darkness of a summer night, struggling with the problem which the call of Christ presented to him. Christ conquered, and he went back to his college a man who had put his hand into the hand of Christ and said, " *Lord, I will.*" After a brilliant college course and an equally brilliant term of work in one of our large schools, where he left the impress of Christ upon the young lives of the boys committed to his charge, he heard the voice of the Lord Jesus say, " Let us go over to the other side," and obediently he went forward with Christ to what was then an almost unevangelized tract of country in British East Africa. There he lived and laboured for a few years, and then went to his heavenly home. But that man's life was the secret of what has perhaps been the mightiest missionary revival since Pentecost —I mean the great revival in Uganda. The man was

George Lawrence Pilkington. *He did not know that night, as he faced the imperious claims of Jesus Christ, what was involved in the answer; but He who called him knew; and by the decision for Christ which he made almost countless souls have come to know Christ, their eternal life.*—J. Stuart Holden.

60 DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S RESOLVE

I WILL place no value on anything I possess except in relation to the kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolution be imparted to me, so that, not in name only, *all my interests may be identified with His cause.* —David Livingstone.

CONVERSION

61 CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT'S CONVERSION

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT had been brought into church fellowship at Easter. Her minister thought she was converted, that her soul rested on Christ. One day he was going past where she lived, and she was coming out dressed for a ball and stepped into a carriage. The old man went to her before the carriage door was closed, and said, " Charlotte, are you saved? "

She banged the door and got away, but not away from his question. Instead of dancing till daylight, she was home before midnight, and for a week her pride was dying.

At last she could stand it no more and started to seek the minister. As she was making her way to where he lived, she met him and said, " I'm delighted to see you for two things. First, I apologize for my rudeness."

" That's all right, Charlotte; I understand."

" And the second is—how am I to answer that question you asked me? "

" Charlotte," he said, " *just as you are, come to Christ.*"

Just as she was she *came* to Christ. Afterwards she wrote those words which have been the means of leading thousands to Him:

" Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! "

—W. P. Nicholson.

62 WESLEY AND THE HIGHWAYMAN

A HIGHWAYMAN once stopped John Wesley and demanded his money or his life. After giving him the money, Wesley said, " Let me speak one word to you: The time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this: ' The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' " No more was said, and they parted. Years afterwards, as Wesley was going out of a church in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself, and asked Mr. Wesley if he remembered being waylaid at such a time? He said he recollected it. " I was that man," said the stranger, " and *that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a*

total change in my life and habits. I have long since been attending the house of God, and giving attention to His Word."

63 SOWING AND REAPING

ONCE when Spurgeon was asked to speak in the Crystal Palace in London, he went there one morning to test his voice in the building, and from the platform uttered these words:

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Twenty-five years later Spurgeon's brother was called to see a dying artisan, who told this story:

"Twenty-five years ago I was working one morning on the dome of the Crystal Palace. I was a rank unbeliever. Suddenly there came a voice, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' From that day till now I have served Christ." *God's Word will fulfil its mission if we are faithful in our testimony.—Alliance Weekly.*

64 THE SHACKLES OF SIN

SOME time ago the jailer in Davenport, Iowa, was awakened at midnight by the ringing of a bell. Going to the door he found that his callers were amateur theatrical men who were playing in Buffalo, Iowa. One of the skits in the show was that of placing a pair of handcuffs on one of the actors. By a trick device the key was to turn the lock supposedly, after which the handcuffed man, with the key removed, would extricate himself. In some way the key was broken in

the lock, refused to loosen, and it became necessary to go to the jailer for the removal of the bonds.

The break of sin's power begins when the sinner recognizes his condition and, like the prodigal, determines to arise and go to his Father. The first step in the change is the will to turn from sin and turn toward Christ.—J. W. Ham.

COURAGE

65 ONLY COURAGEOUS SOLDIERS WANTED

ALEXANDER THE GREAT had a soldier in his army who bore his own name, but unlike the emperor, was a great coward. Enraged at his conduct, the emperor justly said to him, "Either change your name or learn to honour it." Is not this appropriate to many professed Christians? *If you bear the name of a Christian, face the foe, and do not let the blood-stained banner trail in the dust.* Cowards are not wanted. Don't dishonour the name of the King of kings. "Either change your name or learn to honour it."

66 COURAGE AN ESSENTIAL REQUISITE FOR LEADERSHIP

WHEN Dr. C. F. Deems, of New York, wanted money to pay off a debt on his church, he called on Commodore Vanderbilt. "Are you going to preach what I want to hear?" asked the old man sternly. "I shall try to preach acceptably," answered Deems. No sooner had he said the words than he realized that they lacked the spirit of his Master, and added quickly, "I shall preach the Gospel as I be-

lieve and understand it, and if you have any special sins I shall be most likely to preach against them." "Humph," said the Commodore, and ended the interview. The next day he sent Dr. Deems a check for $50,000 *for not being afraid to do his duty.*—Abbie C. Morrow.

COVETOUSNESS

67 DYING AMID TREASURES

A MAN employed in a bank stole the key to the strong room, and visited it at night, to carry off a large sum of money. Intent on his booty, he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door which clicked, cutting off all chance of escape. All the man could do was to sit down in despair, and wait and listen for help to come. It might be days; meanwhile he would die of thirst and hunger.

The hours sped on, and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him. He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What were all the riches of the world, compared with his freedom?

It was of no avail that he beat the massive door, and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. Vaguely he sought for some weak point through which he might, with superhuman effort, dig a way to the outer world. So near to him it seemed, and yet so far! He would have welcomed detection, exposure and punishment, if only he could have been delivered from that living tomb. *His covetousness had been his ruin. He had forced his way into the treasure-house,*

only to find how vain is gold if a man have nothing else.—The Safeguard.

DEATH

68 SUPPOSE THIS WERE YOUR LAST DAY

SUPPOSING you knew that you were to die at twelve o'clock tomorrow night—how would you spend the intervening time?" a woman asked John Wesley. "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester and again at five tomorrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." *If you had but one day, how would you spend it?—Watchman-Examiner.*

DECISION

69 A REASONABLE CONCLUSION

I HAVE heard of a man who said he was going to decide the question of becoming a Christian in a reasonable way; that he would write down the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and all the reasons why he ought not to be a Christian, and weigh the matter in a rational way and decide like a reasonable man. So he began. He wrote first the reasons why he ought to be a Christian, and his pen just flew down one side of the paper and up on the other until it was full of reasons; then he began with the reasons why

he ought not to be a Christian. He put down the figure one, and there stopped! *He could not think of a single reason why he ought not to be a Christian. And you can't, either. There are no such reasons.*—J. Wilbur Chapman.

70 "EXCEPT HENRY"

IN the home of a pious farmer there hung the well-known motto: "But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The last clause fitted all the house save the eldest son, who persistently refused to accept Christ. One day the father and son were alone in the room where the motto hung. "My dear Henry, I cannot be a liar any longer," said the father. "You, who belong to my house, do not want to serve the Lord. Therefore I must add the words, 'except Henry'; it hurts me to do it, but I must be true." *The thought so impressed the boy that he gave himself to Christ.—The Expositor.*

71 THE SERMON THAT FAILED

A METHODIST layman visited a great city church during a business trip. After the service he congratulated the minister on his service and sermon. "But," said the keen business man, "if you were my salesman I'd discharge you. You got my attention by your appearance, voice and manner; your prayer, reading, and logical discourse aroused my interest; you warmed my heart with a desire for what you preached; then—then you stopped, without asking me to do something about it!

"*In business, the important thing is to get them to sign on the dotted line.*"—J. E. W.

72 "RIGHT NOW"

A BOY of eighteen was considering the matter of becoming a Christian. His mind was upset. On one hand were the attractions of worldly pleasure, on the other the great opportunities and benefits of the Christian life. He saw clearly his need of Christ, but hesitated. A friend said to him, "When would be the right time to make your decision, next year, in five years, or next month?" The boy looked thoughtful and then answered, "*Right now.*"—*Work That Wins.*

DESTINATION

73 KEEPING OUR DESTINATION IN VIEW

BOARDING an eastbound street car, a dear old lady said to the conductor: "Is this a Fair Grounds car?" "Yes, madam," replied the conductor. "But," persisted the would-be passanger, "it says 'Fair Grounds' on the front and 'Normal School' on the side." "The front sign is right, madam. Get on." "Are you sure," persisted the lady, with her foot on the step, "that it is a Fair Grounds car, because it says 'Normal School' on the side?" With exasperation the conductor said, "Get on, lady, we ain't goin' sidewise!" *We are headed straight for the delectable mountains, so that neither in our relaxation nor in our amusements are we "going sidewise."—Star Trails.*

DOUBT

74 WESLEY'S COW SERMON

ONE day John Wesley was walking with a man who expressed his doubt as to the goodness of God. He said, "I do not know what I shall do with

all this worry and trouble." At that moment Wesley saw a cow looking over a stone wall. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why that cow is looking over the wall?" "No," said the man. Wesley said, "The cow is looking over the wall because she cannot see through it. That is what you must do with your wall of trouble—look over it and above it." *Faith enables us to get above circumstances and look to Christ who is over all, blessed forever.—Wonderful World.*

DRIFTING

75 CHRISTIAN PROGRESS ONLY WITHOUT COMPROMISE

THE bird of paradise, which has such a dower of exquisitely beautiful feathers, cannot fly with the wind. If it attempts it the current, being much swifter than its flight, so ruffles its plumage as to impede its progress and finally terminate it. It is, therefore, compelled to fly against the wind. *So the Christian must not attempt to go with the world. If he does, it would not only hinder, but end his religious progress.*—Dr. Davies.

DUTY

76 THE PATH OF DUTY

MAY 19, 1780, was remarkably dark in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent, and disappeared; and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford.

The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow their example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, *I choose to be found doing my duty.* I desire, therefore, that candles may be brought."

ENCOURAGEMENT

77 HELP THE LAME!

IT is told of St. Wenceslaus, the Christian king of Bohemia, that one night he was going to his devotions in a remote church, barefooted among the snow. The servant who attended him began to faint and lag behind, until the king commanded him to follow and set his feet in the steps which his own feet should mark for him. The servant's courage was revived, and he followed his king to the end.

The test of the road will be, not that we arrived safely, but how did others fare who used it after us, especially the lame!—John MacBeath.

ENVY

78 THAT MONSTER, ENVY

ENVY kills every good quality in the soul in which it obtains lodgment. It blindfolds and gags conscience. It asphyxiates kindly human sentiment. It cripples the feet of affection. It blinds the eyes of fellowship. It shrivels the limbs of generosity. It thins the blood of compassion. If you feel it moving in your soul, arrest it, bind it hand and foot and cast it out. It will destroy every noble thing in you if you

give it play. It is a monster, and if it become your master, only the thunders and lightnings of Sinai can destroy it.

FAILURE

79 THE SAME OLD NET AND THE SAME OLD POND

DID you ever notice," said the old lady, smiling into the troubled face before her, "that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again, it was right in that same old place where they had caught nothing? If we could only get off to some new place every time we get discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or go somewhere else, or do something else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us. The old temptations are to be overcome, the old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday to be faced again today. *We must win success where we are if we are to win it at all,* and it is the Master Himself who, after all these toilful, disheartening failures, bids us 'try again.' "—*Sunday School Times.*

FAILURE, CAUSE OF

80 THE HEAT AT THE CENTRE

A MAN, with his family, moved into a remodeled house, and settled down for a comfortable winter. But the first cold snap brought great discomfort. It seemed impossible to heat the rooms. The hot-air furnace produced only cold air. All efforts to obtain

heat were in vain, and at last he called in an experienced furnace-man. "Your furnace is all right," said the mechanic, "but the pipes are not. They do not go straight up from the furnace through the centre of the house. They go to the outside of the cellar, and circulate there, and all the air becomes cooled before it gets a chance to warm the rooms above. The only remedy is to change the position of the pipes."

This fault spoils many lives—their heat is wasted on the outside. Their enthusiasm is genuine, but it is spent on surface matters, it does not reach the deep-seated realities of life.—Herald of Holiness.

81 HERCULES EQUIPPED BY THE GODS

WITHOUT the help of heaven, what can the Christian hope to accomplish? Jesus said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Hercules, because of the enmity of Juno, was rendered subject to his cousin Eurystheus, who imposed upon him all sorts of desperate and delicate adventures. Twelve things he was commanded to do, which are known as the twelve labours of Hercules. Among these was the slaying of a lion, the slaughter of the Hydra, the securing of the golden apples of Hesperides, the bringing of Cerberus from the lower world, and other feats of like wonder.

Hercules was a mighty man, but of himself, would doubtless have failed. The gods, however, were favourable to him, and equipped him for his strenuous labours. Zeus gave him a powerful shield, Hermes a magic sword. Apollo lent him his bow and arrow. Poseidon gave him a horse, Vulcan, golden armour.

How much we need some other power than our own!

We wrestle not against flesh and blood, and there are victories to be won, too hard for us. But if we are weak, we might be strong. Our God is better than the gods of mythology. His promise is, "Ye shall receive power," and if we have failed, our very failures ought to drive us to Him, for *infinitely better than all the gifts the Olympian gods could bestow, is the power that comes from the touch of His Spirit.*—W. E. Biederwolf.

82 WHERE SHE FAILED

"YOU must not only give up, but you must give up and take on," a Christian minister told a woman of the world who decided to give up certain indulgences. After a short time she wrote to him, saying: "I'm going back to my old life, because I found the new one didn't work. I found myself, after forming my new purpose, growing cross with my children, and irritable to my husband, so I just gave it up." *The trouble with her was that she gave up, but didn't take on—Christ.*—J. Wilbur Chapman.

FAITH

83 LIVINGSTONE'S FAITH

LIVINGSTONE, in Africa, came to the Zambezi, and wanted to cross. The chief had been worsted by some treacherous trader, and had vowed to kill the next white man who came, and said he should not cross. Livingstone thought his only hope was to cross in the night, and then, by his fluttering candle he turned up the Book, and read, as he always read, his evening passage, and he came to the promise, "Lo!

I am with you alway, even to the end of the world," and he shut the Book and said, "*It is the word of a gentleman of the strictest and most sacred honour; I will not flee;*" *and he did not flee, and Christ was then in the centre of Africa, and delivered His servant.*— W. Y. Fullerton.

84 "WHAT IS FAITH?"

ELABORATE definitions might be given, but would probably be less satisfactory than the answer made by a little child to this question. She simply replied, "Believing what God says, because God says it."

Faith is like a window. It receives the light. The sunlight is there. It shines upon the wall outside, and in at the window. Nothing is added to it, but its rays illumine the otherwise darkened room. To believe God lets divine light come streaming into the soul.

But faith is more than this. It means not only to have light, but to wholly repose on the One whom the light reveals.

John G. Paton, of the New Hebrides, used to tell that when translating the Scriptures into the tongue of the islanders he failed for some time to find an appropriate word for "trusting" or "believing."

One day, however, he called an intelligent Christian native, and seating himself on a chair he said, "What am I doing?"

"Master, you are resting," said the woman.

Paton had heard that word before: it was not what he wanted, but a bright idea struck him.

He lifted both feet off the ground, and placing them

under him so that they rested on the rail between the front legs of the chair, he said, "Now what am I doing?"

"O master!" said the woman, "you are resting wholly, you are trusting," using a word quite new to the missionary's ears. That was the word he wanted!

Faith is reposing wholly upon Christ—with "both feet off the ground."—Frank B. Hole.

85 HOW FAITH WORKS

FAITH accepts things *now*. If it does not it is not faith. Faith does not use such expressions as, "I think," "I expect," "I hope." Faith says, "*I know*." The quiet certainty of the knowledge that faith thus has is well expressed in the following: "God's promises are not secured through hope. Hope looks for the unattained. Faith is no suppliant, but a crowned queen. The place of victory is hers, and she takes and keeps it royally. *Faith declares triumphantly, 'God tells me that He has already granted me the desire of my heart, and I believe Him.'*"—*Sunday School Times.*

86 HOW FAITH OPERATES

THE faith of the child of God is like the sail of a boat. The sailboat makes its headway against the steady flowing of the current because the wind, blowing in the contrary direction, fills the sails. The currents are not always controlling factors in life. There is a power that drives men counter to them. *Faith spreads the sails and courageously defies the power of the currents of opposition, unbelief and sin.*

87 THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS HOPED FOR

FOUR hundred years ago, three small sailing vessels crossed the Atlantic to see whether there was any land on this side. The sailors grew discontented at the delay and uncertainty, and murmured against their commander. They considered him out of his mind and thought he ought to be placed in irons and the ship turned back again. But one day, they discovered something floating on the surface of the water which proved to be seaweed. Seaweed? Where there is seaweed there must be rocks, and where there are rocks there must be land. *The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

The fears of the sailors were quieted for a while. Then the men began to argue that there might be land beyond but no intelligent beings on it. The next day a piece of wood floated by, and hauling it aboard they found that it had been cut by a sharp instrument and hewed into shape. Then there must be intelligent beings on the land. *The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.*

All this goes to prove, by analogy, that the account of the creation in Genesis is the most reasonable conception of how we came to be, and where we are and what we are. One wonders at those who accept the speculation of evolution and discredit the statements of the Bible. Surely if they made an intelligent survey of the facts of nature, they would believe that the Biblical account is true, and cease their false statements and foolish suppositions.—A. J. Gordon.

88 FAITH

FAITH is more than a mental decision; it is a surrender of the will. It is more than a verdict; it is the execution of the verdict. It is of momentous importance to remember that the very core of faith is motion—a movement of the will toward the holy Lord. The act of faith is the yielding of the personal life to the God who is revealed to us in Jesus Christ our Lord. And *the life of faith is the constant repetition of that act of surrender until the repeated acts become an attitude and every choice and will in life is stamped with the pleasure and fear of God.*—J. H. Jowett.

FALSE ASSURANCE

89 A "FOLLOW-YOUR-NOSE" GOSPEL

IN a town in Scotland where Dwight L. Moody was preaching, the evangelist asked the way from the station to a certain part of the town of one of the natives. "Go straight on to the second street, turn left and follow your nose!" was the answer.

"That advice," said Mr. Moody, "is like some preaching. *There are those who say it doesn't matter what you believe, if only you are sincere. That is a 'follow-your-nose' gospel.*"

90 FALSE ASSURANCE

IF the Israelites had been like some people, today, many of them would have neglected to sprinkle the door-posts with blood. They would have made such excuses as these:

"I cannot understand why the stain of blood on my door can deliver me, and I will not do anything until I see the reason for it."

"I do not think I am in very much danger. At any rate, I will take chances."

"There is no necessity for hurry about this matter. There are many other things to be attended to, and when we see the destroying angel coming, the blood can be sprinkled upon the door."

"I am doing the best I can. I tell the truth. I pay my debts. I do not drink, or swear, or steal. Surely such a good, moral man as I am will be saved."

We do not read that any of the Israelites made these ridiculous mistakes, but many people are making them today, and are thereby in danger of losing their souls. —Westminster Teacher.

91 THE FLOWER AND THE WEED

IN the raising of flowers I have noted that every one seems to have a weed near it, that imitates it in leaf and in habit, growing quite large and lusty sometimes before it is clearly discovered. The portulaca is imitated by the purslane, the aster by the lamb's quarter, the hollyhock by the mallow, the ixia or freesia spike by the spears of lush grass. When very young it is often impossible to distinguish between the flower and the weed, but let both grow together until the harvest!

So it is in the Church of Christ. The false and the genuine move along side by side, but by their fruits shall ye know them. If a practical horticulturist, as I am, mistakes a weed for a flower, what need there is of the gift of the Holy Spirit to enable us to try the spirits whether they be of God. Paul prays that the Philippians may have the grace of knowledge to try the things that differ (1:10, R. V.).—George Tester.

92 MORE IMPORTANT THAN FAITH

IS anything more important than faith? Yes, the object of it. A Roman Catholic, arguing that no man can know he is saved until he dies, closed his argument by saying emphatically, "Well, all I can say is this: I have placed myself in the hands of my priest, and he is responsible for my salvation."

Have you ever seen a clearer statement of faith? The man had supreme, implicit confidence—and yet he is lost! *The true believer is saved not only because he has faith, but because he has faith in the right person.* The born-again one can say, "I have placed myself in the hands of my Lord Jesus (my interceding, never-failing High Priest), and He is responsible for my salvation." "There is none other name whereby we must be saved."—*Christian Victory Magazine.*

FEAR

93 "THE NIGHT COMETH, AND ALSO THE MORNING"

A WOMAN was visiting in California. She was guest in the hilltop home of a forest ranger and his wife. From the windows of the house there was a far view of wonderful charm and beauty, quickening to the imagination of any one with eyes to see.

The ranger took his guest to the window and pointed out much that her untrained eyes might not have noted without the help of his vision, long familiar with every detail.

He told her that it was a household duty to watch the forest for signs of fire—a thin spire of smoke by day, a ruddy glow by night. The smallest indication could not be neglected. It might be the portent of a

great and furious flaming, wind-fanned and sweeping through the trees, destroying untold values in timber, and threatening the security of dwellings and settlements. He related stories of forest fires he had seen, in which he had suffered, against which he had fought.

These things in mind, the visitor fell asleep and dreamed of clouds of smoke, lambent with the light of flame which leaped hungrily beneath them. The fire-storm swept toward her, filling her soul with panic.

Suddenly she awoke, her heart beating palpably, her mind confused with a sense of impending catastrophe. She sprang from her bed and hastened to the window, nervously pulling apart the curtains.

And there was her dream—the great clouds rolling toward the hilltop house, lambent on their lower edges, beneath which was the red and crimson and orange glow of flame. The trees on the horizon seemed like wind-moved torches.

She rushed to the door of her room and shouted: "Fire! Fire!"

The ranger came on the run, close followed by his wife.

"What is wrong? Where?" he cried.

She pointed to the window. He strode to it and looked out. Then he turned to her with a smile.

"There is no cause for alarm," he said.

"But it is fire—the forest is on fire!" she gasped.

"No," said he, "it is not fire. It is the dawn!"

She turned her averted eyes again toward the window, and there she saw the sun rising splendidly above the treetops.

"Watchman, what of the night?" And the watchman answers: "The night cometh, and also the morning!"—George E. Coleman.

94 THE OFF-SHORE VIEW

THERE was a man who, in his mind's eye, saw the mighty billows rolling in, spreading on the shore, and then returning to the bosom of the deep.

"There I will find strength and calm," he said.

So he went and stood beside the churning waters. But what he saw was a tantalizing triviality of ceaseless struggle. The sea rushed upon the sands and back again, but neither gained an inch nor paused in the breathless effort.

Instead of finding strength and calm, the man found only a materialization of the frets and cares which had driven him there.

He went again to the same shore. His head was lifted and he gazed out over the waters. He felt a grand exhilaration in the slow motion of the swells that swept majestically shoreward.

Yet in both cases he found exactly what was there, littleness and bigness where the land and water meet—the tease and fret of endless conflict and the majesty of the currents which take their controls from sun and moon and the mighty gravitations between the earth and stars.

The two effects were a matter of the man's moods and the angle of his gaze. All life is that way. The in-shore gaze sees the furore of things. The lifted gaze sees them in their immensity. The one tears the nerves to pieces, the other puts them together again. *Fear and confusion come of seeing things at too short range. There is strength and calm—and also patience—in the off-shore view.* —*Public Ledger.*

FEARLESSNESS

95 SHE WON BY A SONG

THE Men of the Moss Hag, a book written by Crockett a quarter of a century ago, was a historic romance with a great deal of truth in it.

Crockett tells of Westerhaugh hunting for the Covenanters, who were in hiding. He came upon a company of little girls playing in a wood near a village, and he had his troopers with him. He came to one and asked where her father was hiding. A little girl that was not being asked called out.

"Dinna tell him, Jenny!"

Westerhaugh went round to her and asked her to tell where *her* father was in hiding. She stiffened up and would not tell. Then he said to one of the two:

"You can prepare to die. I will give you time to say your prayers."

"I dinna think I could pray," said she, "but I could sing."

And she sang the Twenty-third Psalm with these wonderful lines:

"Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill."

When she finished Westerhaugh ordered the dragoons to shoot, but their arms seemed paralysed. He ordered them off in his anger and went away himself.

That little girl won by her song, by her power to rejoice in the presence of her enemies. I want that more than ever we may learn to be joyful.—Henry Montgomery.

96 A CALL WITH A PROMISE

THE wife of a ship's officer was sitting in the cabin during a storm at sea. She was filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, and was so surprised at her husband's serenity that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible that you can be so calm in the midst of such a storm?" Rising from his chair he went out and got a sword, pointed it at the breast of his wife, and exclaimed, "Are you not afraid of that sword?" She instantly answered, "No." "Why not?" asked the officer. "Because I know it is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "*remember that I know whom I believe, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand.*"—*Teachers' Sunday School Quarterly.*

FOREIGN SERVICE

97 CALLED TO FOREIGN FIELD?

A GREAT many say they have no call to foreign mission service. There is no need of a special divine call to the foreign field if a man but apply his common sense to the commission of Christ. If a man engage with the owner of an orchard to pick apples, and on reaching the orchard find that in one-half there are three hundred and fifty-seven men picking apples, and in the other half only one man, overworked and straining every endeavour to save the fruit from loss, that man would not need a special order as to where he should pick apples. *His common sense, his sense of proportion, justice, and common honesty would tell him instantly where he should pick. He would join the lone picker.*—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

FORGIVENESS

98 FORGIVEN DEBTOR PAYS IN FULL

SAMUEL HARRIS, of Virginia, shortly after he had begun to preach, was informed by one of his debtors that he did not intend paying him the debt owed, unless he sued him.

Harris left the man's presence meditating. "What shall I do?" said he, for he badly wanted the money. "Must I leave preaching and attend to a vexatious lawsuit? Perhaps a thousand souls may perish in the meantime." He turned aside into a wood and sought guidance in prayer. Rising from his knees, he resolved to hold the man no longer a debtor, and at once wrote out a receipt in full, which he sent by a servant. Shortly after the man met him and demanded what he meant. "I mean," said Harris, "just what I wrote." "But you know I never paid you," replied the debtor. "True," Harris answered; "and I know you said that you never would unless I sued. But, sir, I sued you at the court of heaven, and Christ has entered bail for you; I have therefore given you a discharge." "But I insist matters shall not be left so," said the man. "I am well satisfied," replied the other. "Jesus will not fail me. I leave you to settle the account with Him at another day. Farewell." *This operated so effectually on the man's conscience that in a few days he came and paid the debt.*—H. T. Williams.

99 THE COST OF FORGIVENESS

A MINER came to me at the close of one of my services, and said: "I would give anything to believe that God would forgive my sins, but I cannot

believe that He will forgive them just because I turn to Him. It is too cheap." I looked at him, and said, "My dear friend, have you been working today?" "Yes, I was down the pit as usual." "How did you get out of the pit?" "The way I usually do. I got into the cage, and was pulled to the top." "How much did you pay to come out of the pit?" "Pay? Of course I didn't pay anything." "Were you not afraid to trust yourself in that cage? Was it not too cheap?" "Oh, no," he said, "it was cheap for me, but it cost the company a lot of money to sink that shaft." Without another word the truth of that admission broke upon him, and he saw if he could have salvation without money and without price, *it had cost the infinite God a great price to sink that shaft and rescue lost men.*—G. Campbell Morgan.

100 JUSTICE AND MERCY

IN New Jersey, a man arraigned for speeding, told the judge that he had sent President Coolidge a cherry pie. The judge could see no connection between a cherry pie and a violation of the speed law and therefore fined him. Often we meet people who seem to think that because of their kindness to some fellow creature God will overlook their breaking of His eternal laws, forgetting that He cannot prove unfaithful by being unjust. However, in His omnipotent, infinite love, *God has provided a way through the blood of Christ, whereby He can show mercy as well as justice.* "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9).—I. L. Wolfensberger.

101 PRAYER OF THE UNFORGIVING MAN

O GOD, I have sinned against Thee many times; I have been often forgetful of Thy goodness; I have broken Thy laws. I have committed many secret sins. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, even as I deal with my neighbour. He hath not offended me one hundredth part as much as I have offended Thee, but I cannot forgive him. He has been very ungrateful to me, though not an hundredth part as ungrateful as I have been to Thee, yet I cannot overlook such base ingratitude. Deal with me, O Lord, I beseech Thee, as I deal with him. I remember and treasure up every little trifle which shows how ill he was behaved to me. Deal with me, I beseech Thee, O Lord, as I deal with him.' Can anything be more shocking and horrible than such a prayer? *Yet this is just the prayer the unforgiving man offers up every time he repeats the Lord's Prayer."*—Augustus Hare.

102 FORGIVEN!

IN a Scottish village lived a doctor noted for his skill and piety. After his death, when his books were examined, several accounts had written across them in red ink: " Forgiven—too poor to pay." His wife, who was of a different disposition, said: " These accounts must be paid." She therefore sued for the money. The judge said: " Is this your husband's handwriting in red? " She replied that it was. " Then," said the judge, " there is not a tribunal in the land that can obtain the money where he has written, ' Forgiven.' " *So when Christ says, " Thy sins are forgiven," we are released from our spiritual debts.*

FREEDOM

103 ONLY THE LENGTH OF A GANGWAY

THERE was a lady talking to the captain of a British ship in New York harbour. They were going to sail for Liverpool. She said, "I have a difficulty about my slave maid here with me on the steamer, because I understand they do not have any slaves in England."

"No. Where is your maid?"

"She is over there, on the deck."

"Ah! madam, you are a little late. That maid was your slave on the wharf at New York; but the deck of a British ship is the same as British soil, and she is free now."

The length of a gangway made all the difference between slavery and freedom.

Out of slavery into Christ. Will you take the step?
—Henry Montgomery.

104 FOR FREEDOM DID CHRIST SET US FREE

A MAN seeking to become a Christian bemoaned the lot that would be his if he gave himself to Christ.

"I shall have to give up so much," he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things that you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." *In accepting Christ we do not surren-*

der our liberty, but our slavery when we become free to do what we please, because we shall please to do God's will.

GIVING

105 STEWARDSHIP OF POSSESSIONS

ARE the lawyers still searching for a clear title to Oakdene? " asked John Kendricks of his friend.

" Yes," responded De Costa, " they are still at it; they have traced the title back to Lord Mayor Woodroffs of England, who in 1660 took out a claim, but there is a prior claim it seems, and I tell my wife that I should not be surprised to see Adam's name appearing on the title deed."

" And even then," said Mr. Kendricks, " the title will not be clear; there is a prior claim."

" Why I thought Adam was supposed to be the first man on this terrestrial ball! " said De Costa in surprise.

" If we trace the title deeds of all estates to their origin," replied Kendricks, " we shall find in the most ancient of all land records this entry, ' In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' and across every title deed that has ever been executed is God's signature: ' The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.' "

" Then, *if God's signature is upon all property, may I ask where man's claim comes in?* " asked De Costa.

" We are at best but His tenants, and if we do not recognize His ownership we are but squatters," answered Kendricks.

106 HOW TO SING A HYMN

AT a meeting of a women's missionary society the president arose and said: "We will open our meeting by singing the beautiful consecration hymn, beginning:

> *"'Take my life, and let it be*
> *Consecrated, Lord, to Thee!'*

We will omit the fourth verse."

"Madam president," said a voice in the rear, "I object to omitting the fourth verse. There are two lines in that verse we should never forget:

> *"'Take my silver and my gold,*
> *Not a mite would I withhold!'*

"If it were just the singing of it it would not be so bad, but *we are omitting the practice of it in our church life, and funds are short everywhere.*"

107 POSSIBILITIES IN A GIFT

WHEN Livingstone went to Africa, a Scotch woman who had saved up thirty pounds gave it to him with the words: "I want you to save yourself needless toil and exposure by hiring some competent body servant, who will go with you wherever you go, and share your sacrifices and dangers." With that money, Livingstone hired his faithful servant, Sebantino. In the heart of Africa, a lion threw the missionary down and crushed the bones of his left arm. But Sebantino saved Livingstone at the risk of his own life. *What if the gift had not been made?*

GOD

108 WELL SAID

A FREE-THINKER met a plain country man going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir!" "What to do there?" "To worship God?" "Pray tell me whether your God is a great God or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can He be both?" "He is so great, sir, that the heavens cannot contain Him, and so little that He can dwell in my heart." The free-thinker declared that this simple answer from a peasant had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which had been written against him. *The simple are often wise, and there is no telling when the Holy Spirit may take the utterance of a child to convict an astute thinker of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come.—Zion's Herald.*

GOD, HOLINESS OF

109 THE CONTRAST

ONCE," says Dr. F. B. Meyer, "I dropped in on a washerwoman who had just hung out a line of clothes. I congratulated her because they looked so white. So, very much encouraged by her pastor's kind words, she asked him to take a cup of tea, and we sat down. While we were taking the tea the sky clouded, and there was a snowstorm. As I came away the white snow lay everywhere, and I said to her: 'Your washing does not look quite so clean as it did.' 'Ah,' she said, 'my washing is right enough; but *what can stand against God Almighty's whiteness?*'"

GOD IN NATURE

110 GOD IN NATURE

ON a sultry autumn day, if you walk through the fields, your attention is arrested by a tiny sound like an explosion in miniature; a few seconds after, a shower of tiny balls falls upon the ground. It is the bursting of seed-pods in the sun. The casket that contains the seeds of some plants is composed of four or five long, narrow staves joined together like cooper work, but without the hoops. The staves are glued together at the edges, and the vessel so constructed is strong enough to contain the seed till it is ripe. But if the seeds were retained beyond that, the purposes of nature would be thwarted. Accordingly, at this stage, there is a turning-point, and the action of the machinery is reversed. The same qualities in the vessels that hold fast the seed while it is green, jerk it to a distance after it is ripe. The staves of the little barrel are bent, the bursting force overcomes the adhesion and opens them with a spring that flings the seed as if from a sower's hand. *By this contrivance, though no human hand were near, a whole field would soon be sown by seed from a single plant.*—William Arnot.

GOLDEN RULE

111 HOW ONE MAN DEALT WITH A LAND RIGHT

A GOOD lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been " lawed over " for years. Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property; others thought that he wanted some legal knitting

work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line-fence question on his own hook. That is what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day. Said Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over on my land two feet at one end, and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead and set your fence over. At the end that you say I encroach on you two feet set the fence over on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbour, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so that you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead, and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbour stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett:

"Squire," said he, "*that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing.*"—*Epworth Herald.*

112 IN HIS OWN KIND

A BAKER living in a village near Quebec bought his butter from a neighbouring farmer. One day he became suspicious that the butter was not of the

same weight, and decided to satisfy himself about it. For several days he weighed the butter, and then found that the rolls of butter were gradually diminishing in weight. This angered him and he had the farmer arrested. "I presume you have weights," said the judge. "No, sir," replied the farmer. "How, then, do you manage to weigh the butter you sell?" "That's easily explained, your honour," said the farmer. "When the baker commenced buying his butter of me, I thought I'd get my bread from him, and it's the one pound loaf I've been using as a weight for the butter I sell. *If the butter is under weight he has himself to blame."—Bible Call.*

113 WHAT A HORSE TAUGHT HIS RIDER

A YOUNG man purchased a fine, young horse, and was cautioned by the seller about handling it properly. "He is a spirited creature," the former owner said, "and inclined to be fractious, but with proper care will make a fine mount for you." "What that horse needs is to learn that he has a master," the young man declared, beginning to rain blows on the horse. A few minutes later he found himself being dragged along the pike. "I thought the horse was beating me," he said, when he regained consciousness. "*He was beating you at your own game,*" was the reply.—Mattie M. Boteler.

GOSPEL

114 THE STORY WE SPOIL

IN my study stands a very beautiful cabinet of oak in which are stored my sermon manuscripts. There are hundreds of them, and every one is the result of

patient study and solid thought. As compositions, I am not ashamed of them, for not a single one of them has been slipshodly wrought; and yet I am in the mood this morning to take the lot into the backyard and make a bonfire of them; and that because of the remark a little boy, of whom I have just read, made to his mother after he came home from church. "Why, mother," he said, "when the minister was telling about Calvary, I could just see Jesus going up there, and the Cross, and the people, and just when I was most interested, the minister stopped—and went on with the sermon."

And that's what my conscience is telling me is wrong with those careful productions of mine that may be burned before it comes to noon—that *there is too much of the sermon in them and too little of the simple gospel story,* and it is to tell that over again that I am called. And what a story it is!

Just a few pages from the place where I found the words of the little boy quoted, I found another story. A Hindu priest once sought out Bishop Warren, to ask him what it was that he had come to India to preach; and for answer he was told the story of the Cross. The priest listened with increasing alarm as the old tale was repeated, but when the narrative came to the point where Jesus prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he rose in anger and cried: "Get out of here! Get out of India! You will convert all the people if you talk to them in that way." We have no other story like it, and if we told it oftener, and did not so often "go on with the sermon," our preaching would be more effective.—*Methodist Recorder.*

115 THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION

THE notable elements of Christianity concerning the inspiration of the Scriptures, the divine nature of Jesus Christ, His virgin birth, His miraculous power, His atonement for sin, His resurrection and ascension, are the distinguishing and peculiar facts that differentiate it from merely human religions and mark it as divinely qualified for man's salvation. To eliminate these were death to men and an insult to God. To hold fellowship with those who discard and disbelieve these truths is to use efforts in levelling downward, and in repudiating the holy elements of God's gracious redemption. *What our race needs is not the religion that is common to all, but the peculiar, essential, distinguishing, vital, elevating, and saving truths of the Gospel that have come to us from God, by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and through the saving grace of Jesus Christ.—Herald and Presbyter.*

GOSSIP

116 HOW TO SETTLE DIFFICULTIES

TWO Christian men "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said: "Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face, that I may profit by your Christian candour and try to get rid of them?"

"Yes," replied the other, "I will."

They went aside, and the former said:

"Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you kneel with me and pray, that my eyes may be opened to see my faults as you cite them? You lead in prayer?"

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man

who had sought the interview said: "Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me."

"After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about," the other replied. "The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking against you I have been serving the devil myself, and have need that you pray for me, and forgive me the wrong I have done *you.*"

The quarrel was settled from that hour and there are several other difficulties that might be settled in the same way.—Boston Christian.

117 THE SIN OF SLANDER

AN old pastor lay dying. A number of his parishioners came to bid him farewell. Among these was a man who was addicted to the sin of slander and had frequently been admonished on that account by the pastor. When he stepped up to the sick man's bed, he was requested by him to take a pillow, to climb up into the church-steeple with it, and there to scatter the feathers of the pillow to the winds. The man thought this a strange request, but as it came from a dying man, he did as he had been bidden. When he returned with the empty pillow-slip, the pastor bade him go out once more and pick up all the feathers he had just flung away. "Why, that is impossible," said the man, "the wind has carried them off in every direction." "Just so," rejoined the pastor, "it goes with the slanderous talk in which you indulge. *You say all manner of evil things about your fellow-men, and when they have gone out of your mouth, they are carried all over the vicinity, and you have lost all control over them, so that you cannot tell what will become of*

them, nor could you ever recall them even if you wished."

The man saw the point and promised his dying pastor to renounce his sin.—*Lutheran Witness.*

118 HIS LAST WORDS

SOME years ago, a young man, suffering from cancer of the tongue, lay upon the operating table of a hospital. A skilled surgeon stood near, a group of students round about. Bending over the patient, the surgeon said: "My friend, if you wish to say anything, you now have the opportunity, but I must warn you that your words will be the last you will ever utter. Think well what you wish to say." Such a statement at such a time would give pause to any one. The young man therefore waited, apparently lost in thought. A deep solemnity settled over the faces of the onlookers. The students bent eagerly forward. Some little time passed, and then the young man's lips parted, and he said: "*Thank God, Jesus Christ!*"

119 THE TONGUE AN INDEX

ONE of the first things a physician asks a patient when he is sent for, is to see his tongue. The looks of the tongue indicates internal conditions, and any one can see from a sick person's tongue that things are not as they ought to be. In like manner the tongue is an indicator of the condition of the heart: not what it looks like, but the words it utters. *It may take a skilled ear to detect fine lines of trouble, but any one can tell that something is the matter when a person's tongue gets away from good sense and kind expressions.*

120 WHEN "FLOWING TOO FREELY"

"WHEN this pen flows too freely," run the instructions given with a fountain pen, "it is a sign that it is nearly empty, and should be refilled." The caution would seem to apply also to human beings. *Gossip, slander, idle chatter, all testify to the emptiness of the mind, and are a damaging sign.—Forward.*

GRACE

121 JOINT TENANTS

A DYING judge said to his pastor, "Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint tenancy?" "No," was the reply; "I know nothing about law; I know a little about grace, and that satisfies me." "Well," said the dying jurist, "if you and I were joint tenants on a farm, I could not say to you, that is your hill of corn and this is mine; that is your blade of grass and this is mine; but we would share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here and thinking with unspeakable joy that *Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, that everything He has is mine, and we will share alike through all eternity.*"

122 THE CHRISTIAN'S PRESENT POSSESSIONS

MOST men have the experience of boomers who hurried into the free lands of Oklahoma. They waited patiently on the border until the day appointed for entrance, and then there was such a rush that the trains could not accommodate them. After a few days,

the trains were just as unable to accommodate those who were hurrying to get out of the barren territory. Their dreams of happiness became nightmares of disappointment. And so men wait and work on the borderland of wealth or fame, until the time arrives when they are permitted to enter, when lo! they find that their pleasure was more in the pursuit than in the possession. Not a few have the experience of poor Tarpolia, who agreed to let the Sabine soldiers in through a gate of Rome if they would give her the things on their arms; and with their golden bracelets they flung their shields also upon her, and crushed her to death. *The possession of gold often brings with it the weight of care and responsibility, which crushes the life out of its owner. Not so the riches of grace and glory which every Christian may have.* Like the Queen of Sheba, so far from being disappointed, we feel that the half was never told.—A. C. Dixon.

123 FOR HIS WORST ENEMY

DURING the Revolutionary War there lived in Pennsylvania a faithful preacher of the Gospel named Peter Miller. Near him lived a man violently opposed to Miller, who openly abused him and his followers. The man was found guilty of treason, and sentenced to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than Miller set out on foot to General Washington to intercede for the man's life. He was told that his prayer for his friend could not be granted. "My friend! He is not my friend," answered Peter Miller. "I have not a worse enemy living than that man." "What," said Washington, "you have walked

sixty miles to save the life of your enemy? That puts the matter in a different light. I will grant the pardon." The reprieve was made out, and Miller proceeded on foot to the place, fifteen miles distant, where the execution was to take place. He arrived just as the man was being taken to the scaffold. On seeing Miller in the crowd, the convicted man exclaimed, "Why, here's old Peter Miller! He has come all the way from Ephrata to gratify his revenge by seeing me hanged." The words were scarcely spoken before Miller stepped forward, produced the pardon, and the life of his worst enemy was spared. *"When we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son."*—H. B. M.

124 DOCKS GROW WHERE NETTLES GROW

A PARTY of friends were having tea in the country. With them were several children, who, while their elders had tea, played in the fields. While playing, a little girl fell into a bunch of nettles, with the result that both arms and legs began to smart. The child screamed with pain, when one of the party told the mother of the child to go to the very place where the child had fallen in the nettles and there she would find a "dock," which when applied to the rash would take away the pain. The dock was found growing just where the nettles grew. The lady afterwards remarked, "Isn't it strange that wherever there is a nettle there is always a dock?"

This, I thought *not* strange, but the purpose of God. For wherever the devil has planted a "nettle" in life, God has always in the very same place planted a

" dock." " *Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*"

125 THE BURIAL OF OUR SINS

AN old Welsh minister, speaking of the burial of Moses, said: " In that burial, not only was the body buried, but the grave and the graveyard. *This is the way in which God's mercy buries our sins.* If any one should meet Mercy returning from the funeral of our sins, and ask, ' Mercy, where didst thou bury our sins? ' her answer would be, ' I do not remember.' "—*Heart and Life.*

GRATITUDE

126 " BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD "

A TRAVELLER being rowed across the Mississippi by an old negro, was surprised to see the boatman drop his oars suddenly and spring to his feet in great excitement, shouting: " Look! Dere's de captain! "

On a sloop coming down the river stood a man leaning against a mast. This was " the captain," at whom the old negro frantically waved his hat.

" Who is this man? And what has he ever done for you? " the traveller asked.

" He's de man dat saved me," was the answer. " I fell into the water an' he jumped in an' flung his arms around me and saved me! " Then he added: " I'd jes' like to slave for him all my life; only my rheumatism's so bad I ain't no good. He runs by here once a month, an' I watch for him, an' I love to p'int him out."

Are we as enthusiastic about pointing out to others the Man who saved us?—Earnest Worker.

GROWTH

127 ROCKING-HORSE CHRISTIANS

ROWLAND HILL once visited a home and saw a child riding a rocking-horse. After watching him for some time, he said with his natural wit, "He reminds me of certain Christians. There is plenty of motion, but no progress."

Such "rocking-horse" Christians are in evidence everywhere. They are taken up with much service; social, charitable and for different kinds of improvements. *But, like the child on the rocking-horse, there is no progress; and sometimes with all the motion, getting nowhere, the rocking-horse, instead of remaining stationary, slips back!*

Real spiritual progress is not achieved by continual motion in Christian service. It is conditioned on a few things: a prayerful, daily study of the Bible. This takes time. It does not merely mean the reading of a chapter each day, but the Word must be ruminated, the mind be fixed on the Lord for guidance. Remember, that is one of the principal ways in which the Lord is speaking to His children. Prayer, also, is of the utmost importance, because it is talking to God; and the right way to approach Him is in the name of Jesus, our Mediator.

GUIDANCE

128 EARTHLY CROSSROADS

A CERTAIN city procured iron plates to bridge the gutters between street and sidewalk at its crossings, and these plates bore the names of the streets. The plates were thin, and easily broken by

the heavy traffic. Not wishing to waste any more money, the authorities replaced broken plates with any whole ones in stock. Said a bewildered stranger to a citizen one day: " This street is marked ' Walnut ' on one side and ' Elmwood ' on the other. Which is it? " " It does not happen to be either of them," was the reply. The situation was explained, and the citizen added: " The names of the streets are printed plainly on the posts at the corners. You'll see them if you look up."

" Sort of moral lesson, eh? " said the quaint old stranger, as he looked up at the signs. " *There seems to be a good many crossroads down below that have divided opinions about them. If you want any real instruction as to which way to take, you have to get it higher up.*"—*Sunday School Times.*

129 FOR THOSE WHO COME AFTER

A BRIDGE had been swept away by a spring freshet, and the stream overflowing its channel looked black and dangerous. A farm wagon containing a mother and two children halted on the bank, its driver uncertain whether to venture out into the swift-flowing current. Finally the older boy, a sturdy youth, leaped into the water and started boldly across, crying out from time to time: " All right thus far! "

There are many dark streams God's children must cross in their journey through this world. Sometimes the waters look so deep and threatening that we are almost afraid to venture. But should we not take fresh courage from the example of those who have gone before and who have sent back the heartening cry, " All right thus far "? What was it Samuel said when

he set up the stone between Mizpah and Shen? "Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us." *What is it the Master Himself says to every one who is doubtful or fearing? "My grace is sufficient for thee."*

130 A HIGHER HAND

A LITTLE boy sat in front of his father holding the reins which held a restive horse. Unknown to the boy, the reins passed around him and were also in his father's hand, who saw occasion to pull them. The child looked around, and said, "Father, I thought I was driving: but I am not, am I?" Thus it is often with men who think they are shaping a destiny which a higher Hand than theirs is really fashioning. They do their own will, but they also do the will of God. A stronger Hand guides them; a mightier holds the helm of their vessel, and saves from rock and wreck. *Happy are they who quietly yield to the guidance of an almighty Hand.—Way of Life.*

HABITS

131 CHISELED IN THE ROCK

IF you were to pay a visit to the Adirondacks and went to the right place you would find a deep hole cut deep down into the heart of the rock, at the bottom of a swift stream that flows down toward the sea. This hole is several feet deep and its sides are as regular as if it had been chiseled out by hand. You wonder what did this fine piece of carving, and your heart is stirred with surprise when you are told that one day in the long ago a pebble was caught by the water of the stream and carried round and round in a circle, and, after long years, this cistern has been formed in the

flinty rock. How like this is to the formation of a good habit! *Today a little impression on the heart; tomorrow a little more and at last the life action is fixed beyond changing.*—E. L. Vincent.

132 THE TRAILED LIMB

IN a recent work of fiction there is a weird story of a wild man who went to live in a wild wood, and became the companion of a wild cat. He found it caught in a trap and released it, but its leg was broken. The cat became the devoted slave of its deliverer. They were inseparable, but whenever the cat is mentioned, attention is drawn to the fact that it " trailed a limb." If it went hunting it went " trailing a limb," and when it returned with its prey it came " trailing a limb." Always and everywhere it trailed a limb.

There are many Christians like that cat. They are delivered, but they trail a limb; and the one thing that always forces itself upon the attention is the trailing limb. All their excellences are forgotten in the obtrusion of one glaring defect. A good man, but then comes the trailing limb of uncontrolled temper, uncharitable judgment, worldliness, covetousness, or some other unhealed infirmity of the flesh or spirit.—Samuel Chadwick.

HATRED

133 WHEN THE PICTURE IS MARRED

ALMOST all lovers of art are familiar with Leonardo da Vinci's great picture, *The Last Supper.* His biographer tells us that while at work on his great masterpiece the artist quarrelled with a man and vowed to take vengeance upon him. When in this

vengeful mood he sketched the face of Judas, but when he started to paint the face of the Master he found that he could not give it the expression he so desired until he had gone to the man against whom he had vowed vengeance and sought his forgiveness. When this had been done, he was able to finish the picture.

If we would carry a perfect picture of Christ with us, all enmity, hatred, and malice must be banished from our hearts. If we would have Christ come in, sin must go out. If sin stays He will not come. There is no prayer we need oftener to pray than that of the Psalmist:

> *"Create in me a clean heart, O God,*
> *And renew a right spirit within me.*
> *Cast me not away from thy presence;*
> *And take not thy Holy Spirit from me.*
> *Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation;*
> *And uphold me with a willing spirit."*
>
> —*Watchman-Examiner.*

HEAVEN

134 WONDERS NOW WITHHELD

CANON LIDDON tells of an old sea captain who, recounting the wonders of an eventful life at sea, told a company of friends of the marvels which he had seen, and then pausing, exclaimed, "*But all this is nothing compared with what I yet expect to see.*" His friend wondered at his statement, for he was past three-score and ten, and asked him when and where he hoped to come upon his new discovery? Shading his eyes with his hand he said, "The first five minutes after death."—A. C. Crews.

HOLY SPIRIT

135 A KINGLY GIFT

A KING, wishing to express his affection for a private soldier of his army, gave him a richly jewelled cup. The soldier, stepping forth to receive the gift, exclaimed shamefacedly, "This is too great a gift for me to receive." "It is not too great for me to give," the king replied. *So Christ offers us this infinite gift of the Holy Spirit to regenerate and fill our hearts and to abide with us. Think, then, how much He must have cared that we receive!*—J. W. Ham.

136 THE LITTLE RED DISC

IN one of the twenty-story hotels—I was on the fifteenth floor—they had, in the elevator, a long, black board in which, every now and then, a little disc glowed red. It was a signal from some floor that a man wanted to come down, and that disc was so arranged that the only way to put out that light in the little red disc was to go to that floor. You might go past it half a dozen times, it would not put out that light; you could put it out in no other way than by going to, and obeying the signal from that floor. That is the way the Holy Spirit deals with our hearts; we cannot put out the light except by yielding. It will stand and glow at you, and maybe your whole life is being ruined because you will not give in. When you arrive at the floor from which the signal has come, the disc will go out. You cannot fight with God, you cannot get past God, you cannot steal a blessing from God. You try, but you cannot do it. If you are not prepared to give up that thing which God has indicated, you may as well pass out; you cannot get any

further with God. It is no good talking about the fulness of the Holy Ghost; this is God's inexorable law. *"If He is not Lord of all, then He is not Lord at all."* —Northcote Deck.

137 HEAVENLY HARMONY

ONE of Frances Ridley Havergal's poems tells of an æolian harp which a friend sent with a letter describing the wonderful sweetness of its tones. Miss Havergal took the harp and thrummed its seven strings, but there were no thrilling strains, only common music. She read the letter again, and found instructions which she had overlooked at first. Then she raised the window and put the harp under the sash. The wind swept over the strings, and the room was filled with melodious strains which no fingers of man could have produced. Only when the breath of heaven blew upon the harp could its marvellous music be brought out.

The human soul is such a harp. Human fingers call out much that is lovely and sweet, but *it is only when its chords are swept by the Holy Spirit that its noblest music is called out.*

138 THE BEAUTY OF THE NETTLE

ONE of the most beautiful descriptions of a nettle I ever read—its delicate tracery, the perfect green tint of the nettle, its refinement, its beauty—is by Huxley. He described it all, and then said: "All you want in order to see the beauty of the common nettle is a nettle and a microscope. But if you have not got a microscope, you cannot see the beauties of the nettle, except in a very ordinary way."

I learned that much from Huxley's description of the nettle. And I learned, also, that *just as the microscope is needed in order to see the beauties of the nettle, so the Holy Spirit is needed to reveal the Saviour, and our need of Him.*—Henry Montgomery.

HONESTY

139 SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

A BOY of New York City risked his life many times by climbing the steep sides of the Palisades in order to get into the Park. At last he was cought by the police in his hazardous feat, and confessed that he had been doing it for three summers. When told that no admission was charged up to noon, he was so chagrined and confused that he almost collapsed. *He had been risking his life for nothing. That is exactly the sort of thing done by every lawbreaker. He spends any amount of time and ingenuity to get things illegally which would attain them many times over if expended in honest ways.* He cheats himself in cheating others. If he would be as persistent, courageous, and skilful in worthy living, prosperity would be his to command.—*Forward.*

HOPE

140 THE SECRET OF CHARM

HENRY DRUMMOND tells a story of a young woman of rare charm, who, among many girl students that were beautiful, was reckoned the most winsome of all. Every one felt that something unusual lay back of her attractive personality. That she was a Christian all knew. Her devotion to her Lord

every one recognized. But the whole explanation did not come out, until one day, in a confidential talk with a friend, she opened a locket. It might have been expected to contain the picture of a mother or of some dear friend. What it *did* contain was an engraved sentence, "*Whom not having seen, we love.*"—*Westminster Teacher.*

141 CHIEF TREASURE YET SAFE

LET a worldly man lose his earthly comforts, and he has lost his all; but let a man of God lose what he may, his main support, his chief treasure is yet safe. Put this peace into his heart, and then place him where you will,—on the bed of sickness, in the house of mourning, by the grave of his best friend; strike him where you may, he can bear the blow. He may grieve even more than other men; for his religion has enlarged his capacities for suffering, deepened his feelings, refined his heart; *but he is not moved. He is more than conqueror.*—Bradley.

HUMILITY

142 NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL

IN China, an ignominious form of punishment is to fasten upon the criminal a heavy plank in which a hole has been cut to admit the head. Upon this plank a description of the crime is printed in large letters. The offender is turned into the street to wander in the presence of a jeering, hooting mob. Recently in one of the villages a man was seen walking slowly up and down the street bearing this badge of shame. The curious crowds that pushed forward to learn his crime were silent through astonishment. Instead of reading

upon the board the record of broken law, they saw sentences like this: "God is love." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." This man was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Longing to share with his countrymen the good news of salvation, *he chose to wear the criminal's collar that the thronging crowds might thus read a message from the true God.*

HYPOCRISY

143 THE DETECTION OF HYPOCRISY

A DIAMOND expert was offered a large stone for eight thousand dollars. He applied to it the tests used in the trade and was satisfied that it was genuine. After he had purchased it, some circumstances occurred which led him to suspect that he had been cheated. He took the stone to a photographer, and asked him to send a ray of sunlight through it with his camera. Then an obstruction was discovered in the stone. A ray which passed through other diamonds clear and straight, was stopped in the suspected stone. A powerful microscope was used upon it, and the obstruction found to be some cement which joined two small stones together, thus forming the magnificent gem the merchant had bought. The two stones were separated and then found to be worth about six hundred dollars each.

There are many people who succeed in passing the tests of ministers and churches, who will be declared frauds in the day of judgment. "For every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire."

144 IMITATION DIAMONDS

A PROFESSOR was showing to his friends various experiments with the Roentgen or X-rays. Many beautifully dressed ladies were present, wearing apparently rare and costly jewellery. Said the professor, "It is really wonderful the effect these rays have upon diamonds." So, lowering the lights in the room, he turned the X-rays on the sparkling gems which the ladies wore. Immediately the real diamonds flashed in all their brilliancy; but the paste imitations had lost all their lustre. The X-rays discovered which were real and which were false, much to the dismay of some of the wearers.

So God's X-rays—His omniscient eye—searches our hearts as to how we stand as to Him. He says, "I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings." If we are real, we can pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." If unreal, how different?—H. B. Musselman.

145 NOTHING WITHIN

IN the Boston Library are blocks of wood made like books which are used to fill up vacant shelves. They are labelled, "Nothing Within." When new books are purchased these are taken out and the volumes substituted. *There are some professing Christians who might justly be labelled, "Nothing Within." They have a form of godliness, but it does not control the heart.—Herald and Presbyter.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

146 THE MASTER USED ILLUSTRATIONS

I HEARD you preach thirty years ago," remarked an old friend the other day.

"What was my text?" I asked.

"Haven't the foggiest idea," was the reply.

"What was the subject?"

"Do not remember. But I recollect one illustration that you used upon that occasion."

Then he repeated it with absolute correctness, indicating that his memory had fastened upon that part of the discourse, above everything else. Some preachers and Sunday-school teachers rather pride themselves upon the fact that they never use any illustrations. *In this respect they differ from the greatest Teacher of all time, who threw light upon the truth by availing Himself of all kinds of similes.*—A. C. Crews.

IMPURITY

147 INDIVIDUAL RIGHTEOUSNESS

BENVENUTO CELLINI, when shut up in the castle of St. Angelo, spent his time in writing comments on the Pauline epistles, but when let out gave himself up to all kinds of wickedness. Nothing can take the place of individual righteousness. Right opinions are no substitute for right conduct. John Wesley once said: "We may be as orthodox as the devil, and as wicked."—*Westminster Teacher.*

148 IMPURITY SPOILS USEFULNESS

CROSSING the Pacific Ocean in the oil-burning steamship *Niagara,* we were surprised one morning when we felt the throb of the great engines slow

down and then stop. Soon the huge vessel ceased to plough its way through the waves and drifted with the current and wind. Passengers began to ask the reason for the delay? All were anxious to know if anything serious had happened. At length word came from the engine-room that water had leaked into the oil-tanks and must be removed before we could proceed.

When sin is allowed to enter and spoil the purity of our lives we cease to be useful and God is forced to lay us aside until the impurity is removed.—A. D. Hill.

149 SLIGHTLY SOILED

WALKING along a business district an observer noticed a suit of clothes hanging at the side of a window. They were marked, "Slightly soiled, greatly reduced in price." "What a text for young people!" he thought. *A young man or woman's mind becomes "slightly soiled" by reading a coarse book, by seeing a vulgar show, by allowing little indulgences in dishonest or lustful thoughts.* Just slightly soiled! But in course of time it will be found that these young people are greatly reduced in value. Their charm, their strength, their influence has vanished.—*War Cry.*

INFIDELITY

150 THE EARNEST BLACKSMITH

ANDREW MURRAY tells of an infidel blacksmith whom no one could deal with. One day the minister sent an elder of the church to see him. He argued with him, but the smith could not be convinced. But there was an old farmer who had prayed for years for that infidel. Early one morning he took his horse

and rode to see this man, who greeted him with, " Well, what brings you here at this hour? "

The old farmer stammered badly, and could not get a word out. The infidel laughed, which made it worse.

At last the old man burst into tears. " I am so anxious about your soul," he stammered as he hurried away. This led to the conversion of the infidel.

See the heavenly treasure in an earthly vessel! The difficulty with some vessels is that they are too high. The lower down the easier to fill. Some vessels may be clean and empty, but not low enough. Therefore, God cannot fill them.

" Oh," exclaims Murray, " let us pray. Lower down, lower down, lower down, Lord; *nothing, nothing, nothing, that God alone may be exalted.*"

151 WHEN THE INFIDEL PRAYED

A MISSIONARY travelling through the Canadian backwoods lost his way, but presently was rejoiced to see a company of settlers gathered around a fire listening to an able discourse. To the horror of the missionary, he found the orator trying to prove there was no God, no heaven, no hell, and no eternity.

As the man ceased, the missionary stood up and said:

" My friends, I am not going to make a long speech, for I am tired, but I will tell you a little story. A few weeks ago I was walking on the banks of the river not far from here. I heard a cry of distress, and saw a canoe drifting down the stream and nearing the rapids. There was a single man in the boat.

" In a short time he would be near the waterfall,

and be gone. He saw his danger, and I heard him cry, 'Oh, God, if I must lose my life, have mercy on my soul.' I plunged into the water, reached the canoe, dragged it to land, and saved the occupant. *The man whom I heard, when he thought no one was near, praying to God to have mercy on his soul, is the man who has just addressed you, telling you that he believes there is neither God, nor heaven, nor hell, nor eternity."—Rescue Journal.*

152 A SEARCHING QUESTION

AN infidel was lecturing to a great audience, and having finished his address, invited those who had questions to ask to come on the platform. After a short interval a man who had been well-known as a notorious drunkard, but who had lately been converted, stepped forward, and taking an orange from his pocket, coolly peeled, and then ate it. When he had finished his orange, he turned to the lecturer and asked him if it were a sweet one. Very angry, the man said, "Idiot, how can I know whether it was sweet or sour, when I never tasted it?" To this the converted drunkard retorted, "*And how can you know anything about Christ if you have not tried Him?*"—*Christian Herald.*

153 A GOOD ANSWER

TO demand evidence of moral truths, which is inconsistent with the nature of such truth, is uncandid and absurd. The method of the Quaker in dealing with the atheist is a good one. Said the latter:

"Did you ever see God?" "No." "Did you ever

feel God?" "No." "Did you ever smell God?" "No." "Do you believe there is any God?"

The Quaker then asked the infidel: "Friend, did thee ever see thy brains?" "No." "Did thee ever feel thy brains?" "No." "Did thee ever smell thy brains?" "No." "*Dost thee think thee has any brains?*"

154 THE INFIDEL'S BOOMERANG

IT is told of one of the early American evangelists that he made the broad statement that all infidels were fools, and that he could prove it in any given case in ten minutes.

A man in the audience asked if he might interrupt, remarking that he must take exception to the statement, since he was himself an infidel and no fool.

The preacher looked him over rather curiously and said, "So you are an infidel? Will you tell me just how much of an infidel?" "Certainly, sir; I deny that there is anything at all in religion." "Nothing at all in religion? Are you willing to go on record as saying that?" "Go on record?" the infidel replied. "Why, I have been writing and lecturing against religion for twenty years."

The evangelist glanced at his watch and said, "Well, I said I could prove an infidel a fool in ten minutes, and I have seven minutes left. I'll leave it to the audience if a man isn't a fool to write and lecture for twenty years against a thing that has nothing whatever in it!" There is more than a sharp retort here. *There is the exposure of the infidel's recognition that Christianity represents something that he must fight—for it condemns him.*—Cleland B. McAfee.

155 AN ATHEIST'S EXTREMITY

IN the difficult and dangerous places of life the soul instinctively turns to God. When a man who had professed himself an atheist was caught in the machinery in a factory, he was heard to pray for deliverance. Some one said to him, "You don't believe in God, do you?" He replied, *"Well, if there isn't a God, there ought to be, to help a man out of a fix like this."*—A. C. Crews.

INFLUENCE

156 WITH WHAT DO YOU "TUNE IN"?

THE influence of your life is determined by your sincerity. Sincere people ring true. Some time ago, a note in our piano jangled. We called the piano company and asked them to send a man to see about it. He was unable to find any trouble. Finally, he asked me to stand and constantly strike the piano key while he lifted every picture from the walls. He moved every vase. At last he moved the clock a tiny bit on the mantel. The jangling instantly ceased. The piano note had been in perfect pitch or tune with the glass face of the clock across the room. Each time the note was struck the clock face jarred and sang as if the note were jingling. This incident set me to thinking that *certain actions mar the clearness of our spiritual influence. Our lives jangle and give forth an uncertain, unmusical tone because they are in tune with questionable, insincere or trivial things."*—J. R. R.

157 A SILENT BUT MIGHTY POWER

A GREAT preacher who has just passed away told how one man in his congregation, who never missed a service, was a great stimulus to keep him from

shirking or slurring his work. Every preacher knows the help or hindrance he gets by the presence or absence of some particular person in his place, yet the person himself may never imagine he is in the minister's thoughts. He is a poor shepherd, however, who does not know his own sheep, and a still poorer one who has not each in his mind's eye while thinking out his discourse. It is another witness to the old truth—*that we are all more than flesh and blood: we are influences.—London Presbyterian.*

158 YOUR LIFE AND ITS INFLUENCE

A LADY was walking home about midnight, after speaking at a large meeting in London. As she neared her home she thought she saw some one leaning against the wall, near the gateway. It was a young girl, and she saw that the girl was ill. She took her in, gave her a bed and everything possible for her comfort. The next morning she made arrangements for the girl to be taken to a suitable home where her needs would be attended to. But the end was near. They telegraphed soon afterwards to the lady to come and see her. When she leaned over to speak to the girl about better things, the girl said: *"I have not found it hard to think about God since I saw you!"* Is there anything in this world higher than that—that people should not think it hard to think about God by reason of having met us?—W. H. Griffith Thomas.

159 BEWARE OF THE ADVERSARY!

THE backwoodsman's aim is to get a number of smaller trees in the line of an old, big tree he is felling, that when it falls it may bring down the lot.

And should the devil be planning the overthrow of some young saints right well he knows the diabolical work is best achieved by bringing down some aged, respected believer, whose fall may encompass the whole. *"Therefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."*—Franklin Ferguson.

160 THE INFLUENCE OF A SERMON

JOHN NEWTON preached in an English village. Such was the indifference that only a handful came to hear him. But among the number was Scott, the Bible commentator. The sermon turned his thoughts toward the truth, and all the Christian influence of Scott's *Commentary* may be traced to that sermon. That service, which seemed like wasting time, may have done more for the world than any other in Newton's life. *The world is listening yet to that sermon.—Methodist Recorder.*

161 THE INFLUENCE OF A GREAT LIFE

AN old man stood before the tablet commemorating General Booth, in the humble room where he had met the poor, and prayed them into the church of God. "Can a man say his prayers here?" the old man asked. He was told that he could; and he knelt and said: *"O God, do it again, do it again!"—The Dawn.*

162 THE WHOLESOME INFLUENCE OF A GOOD MAN

THE keeper of the inn where he did use to lodge, when he came to Derby, would profanely say to his companions, that he wished Mr. Mather were gone out of his house, for *he was not able to swear while that man was under his roof."—Life of Cotton Mather.*

INSINCERITY

163 REASONS AND EXCUSES

REASONS and excuses are very different things. A reason precedes a conclusion; an excuse follows. The reason Adam ate the forbidden fruit was that he liked it; the excuse was, " She gave me of the tree." The reason the Jews killed Christ was that they hated Him for His holiness and reproofs; the excuse was that He spoke against Cæsar and uttered blasphemies. *The reason that men do not accept Christ is that they are determined to live in sin; the excuse is the first thing they can invent that will answer for the occasion.*

JOY

164 BEING ABOVE ONE'S WORK

I CERTAINLY can not understand Mrs. Warren," the girl said, her pretty brows lifted half in perplexity, half in disdain. " She is so quick-witted. You'd think she'd care for the best things—books and culture and all that—but she really seems to enjoy her housework and cooking more than anything else in the world. You saw how she was just now, as delighted over that new salad recipe you gave her as I should have been over a new thought."

The older woman, the girl's hostess, laughed as if something amused her; but tenderly, too, for she loved the girl. " Why shouldn't she enjoy her work first and most? " she asked. " It was what she was put into the world to do."

" But the *kind* of work," the girl protested, " just

common cooking and dish-washing. She might have thoughts above it."

"What would you think of a lighthouse keeper who had 'thoughts above' cleaning lamps?"

"Oh, but that's different," the girl said quickly. "That's a matter of life and death to others."

Her friend shook her head. "No, dear, it isn't different. The task that God puts into one's hands always demand joy and enthusiasm to be done as He wants it done. *The problem is not one of having thoughts above one's work, but of lifting one's work to the level of one's greatest thoughts.*"

KINDNESS

165 ONE MARK OF HOLINESS

AN old clergyman once leaned over his pulpit and said to his flock: "If you are not very kind, you are not very holy." I believe the old man was right. Lovingkindness is a real mark of holiness. I have a good deal of sympathy with the prayer so often quoted of that little child—"O Lord, make the bad people good, and the good people nice!" That is the proof of Christianity. Past, present and future are all alike to the Lord. *Whatever our past may have been, whatever our present may be, whatever the future may bring, He is able to save to the uttermost.*—W. H. Griffith Thomas.

166 CULTIVATE A CHARITABLE SPIRIT

A PAINTER was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles Alexander had received a scar upon his face. The artist was desirous of giving a correct likeness of the

conqueror, and at the same time cover up the scar. It was a difficult task. At length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head with one finger covering the scar. Christians are not without their failings, their scars, but do not dwell upon these. Adopt the painter's expedient, and *let the finger of love be placed on the scar.*

LOVE

167 TWO OTHER MONKS

TWO monks lived together for many years in the holy bondage of a self-forgetful love. Finally, wearying under the hard monotony of their common task, one of them suggested that they do as the world does. True to the habit of his cloistered life, his companion said, " How does the world do? " " Why, the world quarrels," he faltered. " But, ,how does one quarrel? " asked the monk. " Well, I will tell you," said the aggressor, " yonder lies a stone; place it between us, and you say, ' The stone is mine.' " The monk did as he was told. He placed the stone between them, and said, " The stone is mine." Then the monk who had proposed the quarrel felt deep waters gush up from the hidden fountain of his soul, and when he could control himself, he said, " *Well, brother, if the stone is thine, keep it.*"—J. R. R.

168 FOR HIS SON'S SAKE

MOODY used to tell a story of a busy judge who, during war time, was approached by a soldier who presented a letter. The judge seemed disinclined

to pay much attention to his visitor, as he was absorbed in an important case. Upon opening the letter, his whole attitude changed. It was from his own son. He read: "Dear Father: The bearer is a soldier discharged from the hospital, and he is going home to die; assist him in any way you can for Charlie's sake." All the tender emotions of the judge's soul were laid open. He said to a friend afterwards, "I took that soldier to my heart for Charlie's sake; I clothed him in Charlie's clothes; I let him sleep in Charlie's bed, and supplied him with every comfort for Charlie's sake." Moody added, "*God will never turn away any needy one, for His dear Son's sake.*"—A. C. Crews.

169 WON BY LOVE

IN one of the large convict prisons was a well-educated man who was a thorough agnostic, and no amount of argument or pleading could move him from his unbelief. He remained, in spite of all attempts to get into touch with him, hard and dour. One day while the chaplain was talking to him, his attention was drawn to the convict's wounded foot. It was evidently a source of pain, and the chaplain left off speaking, bent down and examined it, then bound it up more comfortably. As he did so, *he felt a great tear drop upon his head. That little act had done what no amount of pleading could accomplish.—Sunday Circle.*

MOTHER

170 HONOURED MOTHER

THIS story is told of J. Sterling Morton, President Cleveland's Secretary of Agriculture: "When Mrs. Morton died her husband had a tombstone

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erected on her grave, and on that stone he had this inscription: 'Caroline French, wife of J. Sterling Morton, and mother of Joy, Paul, and Mark Morton.' Then he took his three sons to the cemetery and as they stood by the grave of the mother of the boys, J. Sterling Morton pointed out the inscription and read aloud: 'Mother of Joy, Paul, and Mark Morton,' and then he solemnly said, '*If any one of you boys ever does anything that would cause your mother grief or shame if she were alive, I will chisel your name off that stone.*' I am glad to say that the newspaper reported that the names were still on the stone."

NEGLECT

171 A BROKEN BUCKLE

DR. JAMES HAMILTON," says a writer in the *Congregationalist*, "tells of a gallant officer who was pursued by an overwhelming force, and his followers were urging him to greater speed, when he discovered that his saddle-girth was becoming loose. He coolly dismounted, repaired the girth by tightening the buckle, and then dashed away like our Sheridan on his famous ride from Winchester. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a prisoner; the wise delay to repair damages sent him on in safety amid the huzzas of his comrades.

"The Christian who is in such haste to get about his business in the morning that he neglects his Bible and his season of prayer rides all day with a broken buckle. 'He rides for a fall,' as the English say, and *if he is tumbled into the dust he has nobody to blame but himself.*"—*Sabbath Recorder.*

172 A WOMAN, A GARDEN AND A LITTLE BOY

A WOMAN planted a garden, and worried about it. She watched it and watered it; the seeds grew, but she worried about it. From early to late she worked, uprooting the weeds, but she worried about it.

And when the harvest came, although the seeds of her garden yielded fruit in abundance, still she worried about it.

You see she planted her garden to win premiums at the grange fair, and that is why she worried about it.

This woman had one little boy, but she didn't worry about him. She clothed him, fed him, and he grew, but she didn't worry about him. From early to late he played in the streets, but she didn't worry about him. When harvest time came, although the seeds of lying, smoking and swearing planted in her boy's heart yielded fruit in abundance, still she didn't worry about him. You see there were *no premiums offered at the grange fair for little boys and that is why she did not worry about him!*

173 A MODERN PARABLE

AT the assembly meetings in Winona Lake, Indiana, a Methodist bishop gave the following original parable: " Eggs were placed under a hen. After a time when the shells began to get thin, the inhabitant of one, who happened to be an agnostic, said to his neighbour, who was a Christian philosopher: ' I observe that I am developing legs and wings and feathers and a bill. Instinct tells me that I am destined for a different and a larger life. Reason and experience say, No. I shall follow the teachings of reason and

experience and will not peck my shell.' The Christian philosopher said: ' I have observed the same of myself; but I shall follow the promptings of instinct and peck my shell.' *After a time the housewife came to look at the eggs and found all hatched but one. She broke it open to see what was the matter, and before her lay the corpse of an agnostic."—The Advance.*

174 A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY

IN the early days of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's ministry he was asked to visit a young man who was dying, and the friend who invited him made the request that he should not speak to him about dying or becoming a Christian, suggesting that he, first of all, win his confidence; then, on the following day, perhaps, introduce the subject of religion.

" I made my way to the room," says Dr. Chapman, " and sat down for half an hour, talking to the young man about music and the politics of the city. Then I rose to leave, without a word concerning his future. Just as I reached the door I turned my face back, and his great eyes seemed to burn me through. To this day I have not forgotten the look of them. I went home, but could not rest.

" Early the next morning I went back to the house and touched the doorbell. The door opened, and I was making my way up to the room when the maid called me back and said, ' Do you not know, sir, that he died half an hour after you were here yesterday afternoon? '

" I do not know what any other man would say about it, but *I have always felt that when I stand at the judgment seat of Christ I shall be expected to answer a question as to why I let that man slip into eternity without a warning? "—The Dawn.*

175 "RUN AWAY, BOY, I'M BUSY"

DR. POTTER tells the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light. "Do you remember your father?" asked the judge sternly, "that father whom you have disgraced?" The prisoner answered: "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his famous book, *Law of Trusts,* and say, 'Run away, boy, I am busy.' My father finished his book and here I am." *The great lawyer had neglected his own trust, with awful results.*

176 CONTEMPT OF COURT

TWO men were summoned to appear as witnesses in a certain case. To both of them, going meant considerable inconvenience. One of them began to make preparation to go to court, the other went on about his work. "I am not going to court," he said. "But what are you going to do about that summons?" asked the first. "Do? Why, nothing at all. I shall pay no attention to it." Shortly after that he found himself under arrest charged with contempt of court. *He had done something about it, after all!*—Mattie M. Boteler.

OBEDIENCE

177 OBEYING ORDERS

ONCE, when working in Poona, in Western India, I went to a place near Poona for a week-end. On Saturday night when I entered the hotel dining-room, I found seated beside me a naval officer, an in-

fantry major and his wife, and a sergeant-major and *his* wife. When conversation started, the naval officer said:

" Why don't these missionaries stay at home? Why do they come out here and worry these people? You can get all the converts you want at one rupee a head."

It was the time of the Armenian massacres and there were rumours that the British fleet might be ordered to Constantinople. I turned to that naval officer and said:

" Supposing you were ordered to take your battleship to Constantinople tomorrow, and I were to say, ' Why don't you stay here and mind your business, there is no sense in your going to the Bosphorus? ' "

The man's eyes flashed fire as he said, " I would tell you to mind your business; if we are ordered to go we must go, even if every ship is sunk and every sailor killed."

I said, " Quite right, my friend, but I have marching orders, not from any human government, but from the divine government. My command is to preach the Gospel to every creature, and India has one-fifth of the population of the world. The primary question is not whether, in India, converts may be made at one rupee or fifty rupees a head; or whether I get any converts at all, but *whether I am going to obey the last wish of my Lord and Saviour.*"—R. P. Wilder.

178 DOING GOD'S WILL

THERE is an old motto that I have in the front of one of my Bibles which runs—" The will of God, nothing less, nothing more, nothing else." And it expresses vital truth. *Once a man knows what God's will for his life is, he must do it.* He must do it even if it

costs him his life. He must do it though the sky fall. And he must do nothing else. When once God has asserted His claim upon any life there is no uncertainty about it. The Holy Spirit has not abrogated his functions; He still speaks to men "by the word of the Lord."—J. Stuart Holden.

OPPORTUNITY

179 BUSY HANDS

MAN is the only animal with hands. They are a mark of power and rank. With his hands man conquers nature, cultivates the soil, tunnels the mountains, builds skyscrapers, bridges the chasm, flies through the air, belts the earth with steel, navigates the sea. The hand gives form and reality to the dreams of soul. With his hands the musician interprets music; the artist places his creations on the canvas; the thinker places his thoughts on paper—hands should be trained to do their best in gentle ministries and to be faithful in service, small or great. Every day brings its opportunities to give some one the grip of encouragement, to lift up the fallen, to care for the dying. *Some day the busiest hands will be still and it behooves us to do with our might what our hands find to do.*

PARDON

180 THE NEWS OF PARDON

THE good news of pardon for sin is just the news the world needs to hear. If this need could be felt as keenly as the needs of sense are realized, what a harvest would result from the preaching of the Gospel! A very successful minister puts it as follows:

Look at this man condemned to be hanged. Suppose

a messenger comes to him and says, " The Governor has taken your case into consideration, and I have brought you a purse of a thousand dollars." The man would say, " What good will it do me? I am to be hanged tomorrow." " Well, I have another message; he has considered your case, and sent you the deed to a million-dollar estate." The condemned man shakes his head as he says, " What can I do with that? I hang tomorrow." But the messenger continues, " Stop; there is something else; I have brought you the Governor's own inauguration robe, for you to wear with his special favour." The condemned man bursts into tears as he says, " Do you intend to mock me? How would I appear ascending the gallows wearing the Governor's robe? "

Then the messenger says, " Wait, I have one more message. The Governor has taken your case into consideration, and has sent you a pardon—what do you say to that? " The man says he does not believe it. But the messenger hands him the pardon, signed by the Governor. Then the man leaps for joy, while tears of gratitude run down his face. But the messenger says, " I am not through yet. I have brought you the pardon, but here is the gold, the deed and the robe, which are yours in addition."

This is the news of the Gospel. This is what is meant by the forgiveness of sins.

181 ONE THING GOD CANNOT SEE

A MINISTER was once talking to a Sunday-school and asked the boys if there was anything that God could not see. One little fellow answered:

" Yes, sir."

" Are you sure, my boy? "

"Yes, sir, I am sure."

"Well, what is it that God cannot see?"

"*He cannot see my sins when they are covered by the blood of Jesus.*"

PEACE

182 PERFECT PEACE

TWO painters were asked to paint a picture illustrating peace. The first painted a beautiful evening scene. In the foreground was a lake, its surface calm and unruffled. Trees surrounded it, meadows stretched away to the distant cattle gently browsing or lying down, a little thatched cottage, the setting sun, all spoke of perfect rest and quietness.

The second painter depicted a wild, stormy scene. Heavy clouds hung overhead, and, in the centre of the picture an immense fall poured over huge volumes of water covered with foam. The bare rocks, the mighty torrent, the columns of spray, stood out in sharp relief. All the great forces of nature were at work, and one could almost hear their unceasing roar; yet almost the first thing to strike the eye was a small bird, perched in a cleft of the great rock, absolutely sheltered, pouring forth its sweet notes of joy.

This is what we should know, perfect peace in the storms of life—God's peace.

POWER

183 POWER THROUGH ABIDING IN CHRIST

A WESTERN agricultural school made this interesting experiment: A harness of strap-iron was fastened around a squash in such a way that as the

squash grew the expanding iron harness registered the strength the squash exerted upon it. The young squash lifted at different stages of its growth weights of sixty, five hundred, eleven hundred and eventually three thousand pounds! Even a squash may do something of moment. *It was able to do this only so long as it abided in the vine. Had the squash been severed from the vine the growth would have ended.* Jesus said that all power in heaven and on earth has been given unto Him, so when the weakest soul abides in the True Vine he can live a life of power."—J. R. R.

184 ALL GLORY TO CHRIST

THE stars are mere reflectors. They have no independent light. In the matchless yet simple story of creation the distinguishing orbs for day and night are appointed their places in relation to this earth, and then it is added as a matter of small import, "the stars also." Would that every servant would lay it to heart. Is there not in this a lesson to every minister? *We are but of trifling importance save as held in the right hand of Christ.* It is the servant's connection with the Lord which alone imparts dignity.—Walter Scott.

185 THE MEANS OF STRENGTH

IN the classics there is a story of Hercules wrestling with Antæus. The last-named was a son of Neptune and Terra, the Ocean and the Earth. Hercules discovered that every time Antæus touched the earth he gained strength so that he was unable to overcome him. Therefore he held him in the air until he was so weakened that he destroyed him. The lesson is plain.

The world has no power over the child of God while the latter keeps in touch with God. But the world may allure and hold him away from God until he loses his strength; then the world may do what it pleases with him.—James M. Gray.

PRAISE

186 PLEASING HIS TEACHER

A YOUNG composer whose music was being performed seemed utterly indifferent to the applause. His eye was fixed on one man in the audience. It was his teacher. The young man cared more for the slightest mark of favour on his teacher's face than for all the applause of the great company. *So, in all our life, we should watch the face of Christ, caring only that He should be pleased.* It matters far more what He thinks of our performance than what the world thinks."—J. R. Miller.

PRAYER

187 FEAR CAST OUT

A LITTLE girl who suffered greatly during thunderstorms was told by her mother to pray when she felt alarmed. One day, at the close of a fearful storm, she came to her mother with the information that praying during the danger brought her no relief. "Then," said her mother, "try praying when the sun shines, and see if that will take away the fear." The child did so, and when another storm was raging she said sweetly, "Praying while the sun shines is the best way. I am not the least bit afraid now." How often we stay away from our Master until the storms of life drive us to Him for shelter and protection! *If we would only give God our best, our brightest days, we*

should have no cause to tremble when the dark hours come on.—Lutheran Observer.

188 BELIEVING PRAYER

MARY SLESSOR had implicit belief in the reality of prayer. Once, when asked for a testimony, she wrote: "My life is just one long daily, hourly record of answered prayer. For physical health, for help in mental overstrain, for guidance given marvellously, for errors and dangers averted, for enmity to the Gospel subdued, for food provided at the exact hour needed, for everything that goes to make up life, and my poor service, I can testify, with a full and often wonder-stricken awe, that I believe God answers prayer. I have proved during long decades, while alone as far as man's presence and help are concerned, that God answers prayer. It is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe and have my being, and it makes life glad and free, and a million times worth living. I can give no other testimony. I am sitting alone here on a log in a company of natives, my children, whose very lives are a testimony that God answers prayer. *I am at perfect peace far from my countrymen, just because God answers prayer.* We have not food more than will be our breakfast today, but I know we shall be fed, for *God answers prayer.*"

Mary often laid the cement floors in her native huts. Once in Scotland a lady asked her if she had had any lessons in making cement. "No," she replied, "I just stir it like porridge, turn it out, smooth it with a stick, and all the time keep praying, *'Lord, here's the cement; if to Thy glory, set it,' and it has never once gone wrong.*"—*Mary Slessor of Calabar.*

189 ASK, AND TAKE

YOU can pray for years, but you must do more than that; you must ask God and take from God and thank Him for doing it and count He has done it, and depend upon God and not upon your own feelings, and your life will be changed. Ask and take, and the thing is done. I remember what Hudson Taylor wrote about that. One day when reading he came upon God's statement about the position of the believer—" My cup runneth over." He was a very literal man, and he said, " God, that is not true of me; my cup is not running over; there is trouble among the missionaries," and he came back. " My cup runneth over," and again he said, " God, my cup is not running over. There is no money." Again he came back and read, in his own characteristic, persistent way, " My cup runneth over." Then he said, " God, this is Thy statement of what is true for me, of what Thy desire is for me, and so I now do believe it and do take it to my soul, and do count it as true, and do thank Thee," and he got up and counted that God had made his cup to run over. Of course very soon his heart did run over; *when you deal with God like that He has a way of giving an overflow, and then the difficulties vanished just in the way we know so well in the mission field.*—Northcote Deck.

190 HUMILITY AND PRAYER

THE Lord's Prayer contains neither " I " nor " me," but the Pharisee's prayer, of thirty-four words, mentions the name of God but once, and contains five capital " I's." " All these have I observed, what lack I yet? " the self-righteous young man said to Jesus.

H. L. Hastings tells us some one has studied the inaugurals of our Presidents and given the number of words in each, and the number of " I's." The longest inaugural, General Harrison's, contained 8,578 words. The use of the " I " was infrequent, as we should expect in a brave, modest soldier. Washington's first address contained 1,300 words, and twenty " I's." His second inaugural was much shorter. Lincoln's first inaugural contained 3,588 words, with forty-three " I's," but his second had only 588 words and one solitary " I." Andrew Johnson scattered fifteen " I's " among the 362 words of his message, an average of one " I " to every twenty-four words. The seventh of Romans, full of struggle, conflict and failure, has thirty-one " I's " and sixteen " me's," forty-seven in all, while in the eighth chapter, which tells of victory, triumph and peace, " I " or " me " is hardly mentioned, but some name for God is found forty-eight times.

" Not I but Christ," is the language of the consecrated heart.

191 QUICKER THAN TELEGRAPH

HOW swiftly God speeds the answer to prayer! When they were putting up the telegraph wires in the Shetland Isles, a few years ago, a keen man of business turned to a lad in the crowd, and said: " What a wonderful thing! When those wires are completed you will be able to send a message through to Aberdeen, many miles away, and get an answer back in twenty minutes." " I see nothing wonderful in that," answered the boy. " Do you know of anything *more* wonderful? " asked the surprised man. " I should say

I do," said the boy. "I have heard of people getting an answer before they sent their message." "Why, boy, what do you mean? How could it be?" "Well," answered the boy, "I have read in the Bible, '*It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.*'"

192 PRAYER CONNECTIONS

IF I am to talk to my friend on the telephone, after I have rung him I must wait for an answer. It is not a bit of use to ring up and then put the instrument down. I must wait until I hear the "Hello!" from the other end. Now, it is exactly like that with prayer —*we must give God time to reply.* It is not a bit of use to offer up a prayer and then ring off. That is a mistake people often make in prayer.—J. D. Jones.

193 THE HIGHER LAW

THE young man who had been examining the row of shining instruments that lined the operating-room, turned abruptly to the great surgeon.

"Of course you do not believe in the foolishness called prayer," he said.

"And why not?" the surgeon asked as he held a delicate instrument to the light.

"Oh, come now, doctor," said the young man, smiling. "Surely you cannot believe that God would upset all the laws of nature to grant the request of some one of His creatures. You know how inexorable are the laws of nature. Explain the riddle, please," the other demanded, his manner grave now.

"Why, that is easy enough to do," the surgeon said. "Prayer, or rather faith, which is the motive of prayer,

is just as much a force of nature as gravity. The sceptics seem to think that if prayer were answered all the laws of nature would be smashed to pieces. That is not necessarily the case. Let me illustrate: Why does this instrument that I hold in my hand not fall to the floor? "

" Why, because you are sustaining it! "

" Exactly. And yet the law of gravitation is not wrecked or denied. It is merely superseded for the moment by a higher law—the law of life.

" Now, as we ascend in nature we find this—the basic laws of a higher plane have the power of overruling some of the laws of the lower plane.

" Gravity is the great law of the inorganic world. It is still a law in the inorganic world, but the great law of the organic world—the law of life—is superior to it. The plant thrusts its stem upward in the face of gravity; man walks about in defiance of it.

" Then why may there not be a law in the next plane of nature—the spiritual—that just as naturally supersedes some of the laws of the organic world? The plant reaches down into the inorganic world, and grasps the dead atoms there, endows them with life and the ability to rise superior to the forces of gravity. May not the spiritual world do as much for the material world without outraging a single law of nature? "

" Why—why, I guess it could," the young man stammered.

" It not only could—it does! " the surgeon declared emphatically.

" I tell you, my friend, prayer changes things," the doctor quoted. And the young man knew that here was one man for whom prayer had changed things.—*Youth's Companion.*

194 PERSEVERING PRAYER

PRAYER pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings in the ears of God," says Spurgeon. "Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give but an occasional pluck at the rope; but *he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously, with all his might.*"—*Sunday School Journal.*

195 A RESPONSIVE HEAVENLY FATHER

PROF. F. P. GULLIVER says this of the Holly engine: "As we stood by the steam gauge, we observed constant and considerable changes in the amount of steam produced. As there was no cause in or about the engine itself, we asked for an explanation. 'That,' said the engineer, 'is done by the people in the city. As they open their faucets to draw water, the draft upon our fires is increased. As they close them it is diminished. The smallest child can change the movements of our engine according to his will. It was the design of its maker to adjust it so that it would respond perfectly to the needs of the people, be they great or small.' *How much more will God's heart respond to every prayer of His creatures!*"—*Sunday School Journal.*

196 WAITING FOR AN ANSWER

A WOMAN stood at a gate and looked over into the vineyard. "Would you like some grapes?" asked the proprietor. "I should be very thankful," replied the woman. "Then bring your basket." Quickly the basket was brought to the gate. The owner took it and was gone a long time among the

vines, till the woman became discouraged, thinking that he was not coming again. At last he returned with the basket heaped full. "I have made you wait a good while," he said, "but you know the longer you have to wait the better the grapes and the more." So it sometimes is in prayer. *We bring our empty vessel to God and pass it over the gate of prayer to Him. He seems to be delaying a long time, and sometimes faith faints with waiting. But at last He comes, and our basket is heaped full with luscious blessings.* He waited long that He might bring us a better and fuller measure.—J. R. Miller.

197 NECESSARY ADJUSTMENT

IT is said that Turner, the painter, was once visited by two friends who desired to see one of his pictures. Before they were allowed to enter the studio where the picture was on view, he left them in a room with the curtains closed so as to exclude the light. He apologized for the apparent discourtesy by telling his visitors that they had to have their eyes emptied of the outside glare before they could really appreciate the beauty of his picture. *It is a good thing to turn aside from the excitement and turmoil of modern life and seek some quiet place for communion with God.—Westminster Teacher.*

198 HERCULES DRAWING HIS BOW UPON THE SUN

IT is told us concerning Hercules that he one time drew his bow upon Apollo, the god of the sun. The circumstance surrounding this bold and seeming rash adventure was occasioned by the oppressive heat that

beat down upon the head of the daring hero while he was being detained on shore for the lack of means to sail the seas. So oppressively hot did the sun's rays become that Hercules made emphatic his demand for moderation by drawing his mighty bow upon the sun-god. The intrepid courage of Hercules won for him the admiration and good-pleasure of Apollo, who honoured his request and furnished him with the necessary equipment for the voyage he wanted to make. What other lesson is this than that which Jesus taught, namely, that *heaven itself gives way to the saint who thunders at its door His righteous will.* If an ungenerous, selfish, heartless neighbour, for whom a little fleshly repose outweighs a friend's dire distress, could be induced to grant a sorely needed favour by sheer persistence that would not brook denial; if a defenseless widow's persistent appeal can wring from a hard-hearted, unscrupulous judge her heart's desire, how much more will our petitions, if likewise faithful, secure the thing we ask from God, who in character is the very opposite of the indifferent neighbour and the godless judge. If I must storm at heaven's door, " as if his mercy were clean gone forever," the plain teaching of the parables of importunity is that *the difficulty is not with God but with myself.*—W. E. Biederwolf.

199 WHAT CAN ALWAYS BE DONE

A CHRISTIAN girl, who was very fertile in her methods of helping the cause of missions, after she had made a suggestion as to overcoming some seemingly insuperable difficulty, was complimented by a friend with this remark: " Bessie, I believe that if you were put on an island, alone, shut in a solitary cell,

debarred from communication with a solitary person, you would contrive to do something for missions." "Certainly," said Bessie, "*I would do the greatest thing possible; I would pray.*"

PRAYER ANSWERED

200 "WHILE THEY ARE YET SPEAKING I WILL HEAR"

IN my mind's eye, I can see a missionary of our church. It is his first visit to Keswick Convention, and he is greatly troubled about a city wholly given to idolatry, where Hindu immorality is rampant, and idolatry spells all kinds of unseemly things. Mr. Hubert Brooke, in his Bible reading, says, "Before they call I will answer," and this missionary begins to think of that city. He has been knocking on its gates for entrance. No preaching is allowed in the place, and offenders are put into prison and only get out with difficulty. By and by Mr. Brooke comes to this: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; he turneth it whithersoever he will as the rivers of water." The missionary thinks of the rajah who will not open his gates; he bows his head silently and says, "Now, Lord, the Maharajah of Jammu's heart is in Thy hand, turn it so that these gates may be open for the preaching of Thy Word." The Bible reading ends.

On the top of the programme is a suggestion that we should not read our letters until the meetings were over, and this missionary has his letters in his pocket. As he passes out he opens one and reads: "The Maharajah has opened his gates to the preaching of the Gospel, has given us a site for a mission house, and

we are free to bring the people to the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."—William Dalgetty.

201 AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

A FRIEND of the Moody Bible Institute sent a watch as a contribution to its maintenance fund with this comment, "I am glad to be able to do a little toward this work, as it bears the name of one who has done so great a work. The watch was a gift from my husband nearly fifty years ago, and I have hesitated to sell it."

Permission was given to sell the watch for not less than $10, but between forty and fifty people were seen without finding a purchaser, and it was felt that nothing more could be done. One morning, however, a certain official prayed about it, and going right from his office to the paint shop, offered it to the foreman, who, recognizing the movement as a good one, called to one of the men, "Say, Jim, how about it?"

Jim wanted to know how much the watch would be sold for, and he was told not less than $10. He remarked that his sister had gone as a missionary to Bolivia, and needed a watch. *He had promised to give her $10 towards one, but now he said, "I will take the watch you offer and send it to my sister in place of the money."*—A. G. O.

202 THE SWEEP OF AN ANSWERED PRAYER

MONICA, the mother of Augustine, prayed for the conversion of her son. This seems to have been her one desire for him, and she prayed for it without

visible success for years. Yet Augustine, the Roman lawyer, was at length converted.

Now mark the extensive sweep of the answer to that praying! Without the writings of Augustine we are not sure that there could have been any Reformation. At least, the Reformation was more due to his writings than to any one cause, aside from the Spirit of the Almighty. John Wyclif was elected to the chair of ecclesiastical history in Oxford University. To prepare himself for this work it was necessary that he acquaint himself with church history. The writings of Augustine were the chief source of his enlightenment in regard to the truth. Augustine sent Wyclif to St. Paul, and he to Christ.

So of all the later reformers; Augustine's writings were to them a mine of supplies, an armory of defense, a tower of light, a guide to Christ. No man from Paul to Luther did so much as he to bring about the Reformation. Therefore we may say within certain limitations that the answer to Monica's prayers included the Reformation of the Church, the reclamation of the world, ,the salvation of man. But man's view of this " answer " has usually stopped with the man Augustine himself.

203 PRAYER ANSWERED QUICKLY

TWO little girls said their prayers together one night. At the close one jumped up, but the other remained quietly by the bed. " What were you waiting for, sister? " " I was listening for God to answer," said her sister. " Don't you remember Miss Raynor said we mustn't hurry over our prayers? She said that it was like the boy that knocked at her door, and then ran away before she could open it. So I

always wait to see if God wants to say anything to me." "Did He say anything to you tonight, sister?" asked the other, looking startled. "You know," was the answer in a low tone, "we said, 'God bless all my friends,' and right away I thought of Sadie Burwell, 'cause we had a fuss today: and *while I waited God said, 'Tell her you are sorry.'*"—Anna L. Dreyer.

PROCRASTINATION

204 "WHAT THEN?"

A YOUNG man had come to his old friend, a lawyer, to pay his respects before returning to college. "You expect to graduate from college this coming year?" the lawyer asked. "Yes, this is my last year in school," was the answer. "What do you expect to do then?" the lawyer asked. "Why, settle down in some business, I suppose," answered the young man. "And what then?" continued the lawyer. "Why, I suppose marry, as other men do," he answered, a little puzzled.

"And what then?" persisted the lawyer.

"I had not thought further than that, but I suppose I can in time have means and leisure for travel and reading."

"And what then?" relentlessly plied the lawyer.

"I cannot think so far ahead, but old age will get me like it does the rest," said the young man soberly.

"And what then?" went on the lawyer seriously.

"There is but one way for us all," said the young man. "I shall die."

"*And what then?*" the lawyer said again after a moment's silence.

"That is an unanswered question," replied the young man. "To be frank, I have tried to forget it."

"But as certain as old age and death must be met, that question must. My son, now is the time to meet it. Now is the time for decision."—Sunday School Teachers' Quarterly.

205 NOW OR NEVER

I WAS brought up in a Presbyterian home, and under the ministry of Dr. Henry Montgomery, and I never knew a day when I was not anxious about my soul; but the thing that kept me back was that delusion of the devil, that somehow, when I liked, I could be saved; and I continued in my sin and wandering, feeling that when I felt ready, God would be at my beck and call.

But one Monday morning, sitting at my mother's fireside, cigarette in my mouth, morning paper in my hand, the Lord struck a blow that shattered that delusion and was the ruin of that fool's paradise I lived in for twenty-three years. The Word of God came to me as clearly as a human voice, "And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Sweat started on my brow, the fear of God fell upon me, the very pains of hell took hold of me, and in anguish I knew I was up against my destiny that morning, as if God had said it to me, "Now or never!"

I believe that when the books are opened, May 22, 1899, was the day when I would have crossed the boundary-line between God's patience and God's wrath had I rejected Jesus, but, thank God, *that Monday morning I accepted Him as my Saviour.*—W. P. Nicholson.

206 "WHICH THIEF?"

A STRIKING illustration of the fact that the new birth is not a process, but an instantaneous result of faith, is seen in the experience of the thief who hung on a cross alongside the crucified Jesus. Of the two thieves who were on either side of Christ one railed on Him, while the other turned to Him in confession of sin, saying, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Jesus said unto him, "Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise."

That thief was dying; he had no time to work out a process of becoming a Christian. But Christ gave him His word that he was, that moment, and forever saved.

Yet we must not presume upon last-minute opportunities because of this thief's experience. An evangelist was urging men to come to Christ and was pointing out the danger of procrastination. "*What about the dying thief on the cross?*" asked some one in the audience. "*Which thief?*" was the reply.—*Toronto Globe.*

PROTECTION

207 ANGEL PROTECTORS

SOME years ago a clergyman was sent to a dangerous part of Australia. He came back with a large sum of money belonging to a dying man he had been sent to comfort. He knew that a dangerous robber was aware that he was riding along this lonely track through the bush with this money about him, and when he came to a certain part of the road he felt alarmed. So he got off his horse and stood by it, praying for faith and courage. He prayed till he felt calm enough to

remount and ride on, and he reached the town in safety.

Some time later he was called to visit a man whom he recognized as the robber. The man confessed that he had followed the clergyman, intending to rob and murder him, but could get no opportunity. "Why did you not do it when I got off my horse?" asked the clergyman. "I couldn't then," said the bushranger, "there were too many of you. There was a man on each side of you."

Certainly there had been no other men with the clergyman when he cried to God; but it is just possible that God really opened the robber's eyes and showed him the angels guarding the supplicant. Whatever the explanation, it is still true that "*the angel of the Lord encampeth round them that fear him, and delivereth them.*"—*Sunday School World.*

208 NEVER FORSAKEN

BISHOP GOBAT, of Jerusalem, was greatly discouraged, when on a missionary journey in Abyssinia. Everything seemed against him, and the difficulties were such that he felt God had forsaken him. He found a cave, and went into it, spending a long while in prayer, telling the Lord how forsaken he was. It was very dark in the cave, but after a little while, his eyes began to get a little accustomed to it, and he there saw a hyena, and her cubs, quite near. God had protected him, and the vicious cat had never offered to touch him, had never offered to move. At the very hour that he thought all was against him, God's Hand was keeping him from being torn to pieces. He passed out unharmed. *If God were to open our eyes in the darkness when we seem forsaken by Him,*

we would see how perfectly He has kept us from many unseen dangers and calamities; and how, in the very hour of our greatest despair, we, probably, have most reason to thank Him.—D. M. Panton.

209 "ANGEL PROTECTORS"

ABOUT 1660, Hedinger, chaplain of the Duke of Wurtemburg, took the liberty—first privately, then publicly—to censure his sovereign for a grave fault. The latter, enraged, sent for him, resolved to punish him. Hedinger, strengthened by prayer, went to the prince, his face expressing the peace of God and his heart filled with the divine presence. After looking at him intently the prince said, "Hedinger, why did you not come alone as I ordered you?" "I am alone, your Highness." "No, you are not alone." "Pardon me, your Highness, but I am alone." The Duke persisting with an increasing agitation, Hedinger said to him: "Certainly, your Highness, *I came alone; but whether it has pleased my God to send an angel with me I cannot say.*" The Duke dismissed him without punishment.—Godet.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD

210 THE MULTIPLYING POWER OF GOD

A SCOT named David Fife, living in Canada, obtained from Glasgow some wheat of a special kind. Only three ears, the produce of a single grain, ripened, but the splendid Canadian harvest of 1908, more than eleven million quarters, was wholly descended from that one seed. The multiplication of the loaves and fishes was a passing illustration of the far larger miracle of the daily feeding of the race.

Let me remember the multiplying power of God in all my earthly affairs. The barrel of meal, the cruse of oil, shall not fail if my faith and faithfulness do not fail. My opportunities, in the spiritual life, may be meagre; but in my scraps of knowledge, my narrow resources, my restricted privileges, I may find bread enough and to spare.

211 ALL OUR NEEDS SUPPLIED

WHEN James Gordon Bennett sent Henry M. Stanley to search for Livingstone he said: "Draw on me for a thousand pounds, today, to provide your equipment, and when that is exhausted draw on me for another thousand, and when that is done, draw another thousand, and when that is done, draw another; but find Livingstone." *God asks us to glorify Him by a life devoted to Him every day, and He authorizes us to draw on Him for the wisdom, grace and strength needed to enable us to reach this end:* when one day's supply is exhausted, we are to draw another, and another, and another, until the complement of our days be filled.

212 GOD IN EVERYTHING

GOD often uses humble occasions and little things to shape the course of a man's life. The wearing of a certain pair of stockings led to a complete change in my life. I had made a trip as a boy on a canal boat, and was expecting to leave home for another trip, but I accidentally injured my foot in chopping wood. The blue dye in the home-made socks poisoned the wound, and I was kept at home. A revival broke out in the neighbourhood, and I was thus kept within its in-

fluence and converted. New desires and new purposes took possession of me, and I was determined to seek an education that I might live more usefully for Christ." —James A. Garfield.

213 A GREAT PROVIDER

TAKE a piece of coal you have ready to throw into your furnace. What is it? Just a piece of stored-up sunshine, kept for your present use. This coal will warm you by the light and heat stored up from the sun ages ago. The coal that burns now is merely releasing the sunlight that came to the earth before Abraham lived. *Some one was at work for us before we were born, getting ready for us. That some one was He who said, "Let there be light."—Westminster Teacher.*

REDEMPTION

214 A WILL LOST AND FOUND

THERE is a story told of a rich man who lost his only son, and whose will, after his death, could not be found. Finally, the state's attorney took up the case and ordered the property sold and his estate settled. On the day of the auction an old woman who had once nursed his only child begged the auctioneer to let her buy a picture of the boy. She had only a shilling, and it was knocked down to her. She went home happy in having the portrait of the child she had loved so dearly. One day, when repairing the picture, she found a legal document hidden in the back. She hurried to the lawyer and showed him what she had found. He glanced at it and then said:

"You have certainly made a great find. This is the

old man's will, and in it he leaves all his property to anybody who loves his boy well enough to buy his picture at the auction sale when the estate is settled."

God, too, has left a will by which all His fortune becomes the inheritance of those who love the Lord Jesus well enough to take Him for their own.—A. B. Simpson.

215 YES, "DONE," THANK GOD!

"THERE is a great difference between your religion and mine," said one friend to another.

"Indeed!" was the reply. "What is that?"

"This: yours has only two letters in it, while mine has four."

"What do you mean?" said he.

"This: yours has two, D-O *do*. Mine has four, D-O-N-E *done*."

REGENERATION

216 WHAT IS MOST IMPORTANT?

A COLLEGE professor, being ferried across a stream, asked the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never heard of it." "Then one-quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." Presently the boat tipped over and both fell into the water. "Can you swim?" asked the boatman. "No." "Then the whole of *your* life is gone." We may have every attainment of culture, education, even morality, but unless we have been made new creatures by the operations of an almighty and invisible influence upon the

heart and mind, we are but helpless, undone creatures. Wesley, who, it is said, preached three hundred times from the words, "Ye must be born again," being asked why he used it so often, replied, "*Because ye must be born again!*"

217 THE "SOCIAL" GOSPEL

SOME years ago, Colonel Roosevelt, travelling through the West, and seeing the Navaho Indians' miserable condition, said to a missionary who for years had laboured among them, "Do you not think if we were to provide these Indians with better clothes, better dwellings, and better general conditions, that you could reach them with the Gospel more easily?"

"Colonel," the missionary answered, "supposing that when the Prodigal was in the far country, in his rags, hunger and dirt, some one had given him a new suit of clothes and a pocket full of money: how soon do you suppose he would have returned to the Father's house?" Colonel Roosevelt thought a moment, then, in his vigorous way, flashed back, "Never!"

No! improved conditions and surroundings never change the heart of man, and unless the heart is changed, there is no entering into God's holy dwelling place. Nay, satisfaction with improved conditions leads rather to a settling down in this world—out of which, sooner or later, we must all depart—either in our sins, or *cleansed* from them.—F. L. F.

218 THE MIRACLE OF SALVATION

A PHRENOLOGIST, lecturing in a certain town, declared his ability to tell any man's nature from his head. A rough-faced man mounted the platform.

After a thorough examination, the lecturer described him as harsh, cold, and possessed of many disagreeable traits. The audience laughed derisively, for they knew their neighbour to be kind, genial, and benevolent, and told the phrenologist that he had miserably failed. But the man himself was not amused; turning to the people he said: *"Friends, you have heard portrayed exactly my nature before Jesus took possession of me. If there is any change, the honour belongs to Him."*

219 THE HUMAN HEART

SOME years ago a remarkable picture was shown in London. Looking at it from a distance, one seemed to see a monk engaged in prayer, his hands clasped, his head bowed. As you came nearer, however, and examined the painting more closely, you saw that he was squeezing a lemon into a punch bowl. *What a picture that is of the human heart! Superficially examined, it is thought to be the seat of all that is good, noble, and pleasing; in reality, until regenerated by the Holy Ghost, it is the seat of all corruption.* "This is condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."—D. L. Moody.

RESTITUTION

220 QUICK RESULTS

F. B. MEYER, on the first night of a Keswick Convention, said to the people, "Remember, *you will get no blessing here, as long as bills are not paid at home.*" We are told there was not a single

postal order left in Keswick the next day!—W. W. Martin.

RESURRECTION

221 THE POWER OF HIS RESURRECTION

I REMEMBER that after I had worked in university centres in Portugal I went to Norway, and was a little impressed by the difference amongst the people. I wondered how one could explain it. Then I remembered that every representation I had seen in Portugal of Jesus Christ was that of an infant in arms, or else some one crucified. But the first painting I saw on reaching Norway was that of the empty tomb, the three women and the angel. "He is not here; He is risen." The thought came to me, "May that not explain possibly some of the difference in the types of Christianity in Portugal and Norway?" *He is risen, and the power is available for you and me,* so that we, too, can be seated in heavenly places with Jesus Christ, and live a life of victory. You remember how Paul expresses it: "We, beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Lord the Spirit." So let us behold Him, the crucified, the risen Christ, until we, too, are changed.—R. P. Wilder.

222 THE REASONABLENESS OF THE RESURRECTION

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD says: "I stood last year in the central aisle of the Health Exposition at South Kensington and observed a graceful English girl lost in momentary interest over the show-case, which contained in crude form ingredients like those in her fair

and beautiful frame. There—exactly measured out, and bottled and labelled—were the constituents of a human body—lime, water, phosphorus, silex, iron and the other elements which are woven into bone and muscle and blood. As I watched her half-amused, half-incredulous countenance the question came to me: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead? *God has raised these elements, these coarse ingredients in these glass jars, by the delicate chemistry of nature, and there they are in the peerless beauty, the joyous health, the exquisite capacity, and the lovely human life of that bright maiden who contemplates with an incredulous smile these materials of her being.*"

223

DEFYING RESURRECTION

MORE than a hundred years ago, an infidel died in Hanover. Before his death he ordered that above his grave several large slabs of granite should be placed, bound together with iron bands, and above it all a huge stone block weighing almost two tons. It was done. On the stone the inscription was put, "This grave is purchased for eternity; it shall never be opened." But a little poplar seed was inclosed in the mold within the tomb. God in His power caused it to sprout and a little shoot found a crevice between the iron-bound slabs. In course of time its latent power broke the iron bands asunder and moved every stone out of its original position. The whole structure was displaced thereby and the grave opened. The tree still lives and waves its branches over the rent sepulchre, which the infidel declared should never be opened. It just needed a tiny seed, one of God's

marvels in creation, to answer the challenge of the infidel.

If a tiny little seed can burst open a grave, how much more can an omnipotent Lord make good His promise?

224 THE BELIEVERS' RESURRECTION

A VASE closely sealed was found in a mummy pit in Egypt, by the English traveller, Wilkinson. In it were discovered a few peas, old, wrinkled, hard as a stone. The peas were planted carefully under a glass and at the end of thirty days sprang into life, after having lain sleeping in the dust of a tomb for almost three thousand years—a faint illustration of the mortal body which shall put on immortality. *"Because he lives, we shall live also."*

225 THE RESURRECTION INEVITABLE

JESUS CHRIST stands so manifestly at the climax of Jewish history, and is so organically related to it, that when He came into the world He came as an exceptional man, and when He died there was an antecedent presumption of His resurrection as was the case with no other man. So that you can say, as it is said in the Acts, *"It was not possible that he should be holden of death."*—Francis L. Patton.

REVIVAL

226 WHEN PEOPLE SEEK THE CHURCH

IN my boyhood a large church building was burned down in my native village. Although it had not been a very active church, it had a large membership,

and there was much interest in the catastrophe. The fire occurred at night, and, as the building was large, it made an immense bonfire, which people flocked from far and near to see. A member of the church said somewhat peevishly to a known sceptic who was in the crowd, "I never saw you near this church before." "No," replied the other, "but then *I never saw it on fire before.*"

REWARDS

227 HER TREASURES IN THIS WORLD

A STORY is related of a worldly, selfish young woman who dreamed she was in heaven.

Being shown the many beautiful residences in the Holy City, she paused before one exceptionally beautiful. Turning to her guide, she said, "For whom is this lovely place?"

"Why, that's for your gardener," answered the guide.

"For my gardener? Why, he wouldn't know what to do with it. He would be entirely lost in a mansion like this! Why, he lives in a little bit of a cottage on earth; he might do better, I give him reasonable wages, but he gives so much of it away to the poor that he has hardly enough to keep his wife and family."

Walking on apace they came to a little bit of a cottage.

"And who is this being built for?" asked the young woman.

"That is for you," answered the guide.

"For me!" she exclaimed. "It cannot be for me! I have been accustomed to a mansion for a home. I could not adjust myself to such a small house."

"It is for you," answered the guide with finality. *"Our great Architect does the very best He can, with the material that is sent up to Him."*

Where are you laying up your treasure?

SACRIFICE

228 HE PUT AWAY SIN BY THE SACRIFICE OF HIMSELF

A GREAT plague visited Marseilles. The doctors held a consultation, and decided that a corpse must be dissected or they would never know how to stop the plague. One of them said, "Tomorrow morning I will proceed to a dissection." He made his will; prepared for death; went into the hospital; dissected a body, wrote out the results of the dissection and died in twelve hours. Beautiful self-sacrifice! *Our Lord Jesus looked out from heaven and saw a plague-stricken race. Under our plague He died, the Just for the unjust. Behold the love, the sacrifice, the salvation!*—H. G. L.

SALVATION

229 "HE SET MY FEET UPON A ROCK"

I REMEMBER at Stonehaven, when I was minister there, I was swimming out in the clear, cool bay, when the water got suddenly choppy, and my strength seemed suddenly to go from me. You that are swimmers know the sensation. Exhausted, the waves flapping on your face in repeated blows as if to stun you, and beat you back to the current that was ready to seize you. No one in sight. Wearily on and on; but you know you are making little or no progress, and the

feet and body go deeper in the water. You cannot swim any longer; you have lost the power of prostration and progression, and you are now erect and merely paddling with your hands.

I had almost given up, when suddenly there came to my foot the sensation of solidity amid the waves. Oh, what I felt as I stood there to recover breath, rescued from death! How solid the rock felt! How I thanked God that the rock had just been placed out in the bay for me, and that He had taken my sinking feet and fixed them there. *That is the nearest that I can give to the sensation of the soul when Christ lays hold of you, saves you, and sets your feet on the Rock of Ages.*—John Robertson.

230 "SO GREAT" SALVATION

IN seeking to comfort a young physician who was dying, I said, "Doctor, the past is all answered for in the atoning death of Christ; the present is all provided for in His shepherd care; and the future is all secured in His coming glory." I related this, and an old lady, going out of the meeting, was asked if she had received a blessing? "Blessing!" she exclaimed in a quavering voice, "The past is all answered for; the present is all provided for; and the future is all secured. *I have three good pillows on which to sleep tonight.*"—F. E. Marsh.

231 JUSTIFICATION AS SEEN BY AN INDIAN CHIEF

YEARS ago, in the Northwest, there was an Indian chief, a regular "glory-Christian." "Jesus" was always upon his lips.

Another chief came up to him one day and said, "Why is it you are always talking about Jesus? What has this Man done for you?"

The converted Indian took a number of chips of wood and made a circle on the ground. He dug for a worm and put it in the middle of the circle and set the circle on fire. As the fire spread round the worm, it sought for safety and could not find it. But when the flames were at their hottest, the chief burned his own hand as he thrust it into the circle of flame, and lifted the worm out of danger. Putting it in a place of safety, he turned to his fellow chief and said:

"*I am that worm. Here in this world I have been wounded by sin and temptation and the works of the devil, and I almost died. God came in the form of Jesus Christ and took me, worm as I was, out of the flame of sin and rescued me.*"—E. L. Langston.

SECURITY

232 NO SINKING IF ON THE ROCK OF AGES

A WELSH lady lay dying and was visited by her minister. He said to her, "Sister, are you sinking?" She answered him not a word, but looked at him with an incredulous eye. He repeated the question, "Sister, are you sinking?" She looked at him again as if she could not believe he would ask such a question. At last she said, "Sinking! Sinking! Did you ever know a sinner to sink through a rock? If I had been standing on the sand, I might sink; but, thank God, *I am on the Rock of Ages, and there is no sinking there.*"—C. H. Spurgeon.

SELF-SACRIFICE

233 SACRIFICE OR WILLING SERVICE

WHEN James Calvert went out to Fiji with the message of the Gospel, the captain of the ship in which he travelled sought to dissuade him. "You will risk your own life and all those with you if you go among such savages," he said. Calvert's magnificent reply was: "*We died before we came here.*" And yet he would have been the last to talk about sacrifice; it was not a life of sacrifice, but of joy.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

SERVICE

234 ALL BELIEVERS SHOULD BE MISSIONARIES

DR. GRENFELL tells a story of how, at a dinner given in his honour, a lady remarked to him: "Is it true that you are a missionary?" "*Isn't it true that you are?*" was his unexpected reply.—*Sunday School Times.*

235 "READ, PRAY, OBEY"

A CHRISTIAN physician bequeathed his entire estate and personal property, valued at $60,000, to the American Bible Society, to be devoted to the work of translating the Bible into the Chinese, Japanese, Indian and African languages. The will specified that the words, "Read, Pray, Obey," be printed on the fly leaf of every Bible. A worthy example of wise investment. No doubt the donor has proved the value and vitality of the Word of God in his own life through *reading, praying and obeying.* He was safe

in putting the residue of his possessions into the infallible Word "to give light to them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death." Let us by God's grace "be a walking Bible and not a walking libel." Let us live out and give out the Word of God.—*Alliance Weekly.*

236 WHERE HEAVEN IS

"PASTOR," a member once said to his minister, "that was a good sermon you preached on heaven yesterday; but you did not tell us where heaven is." "Ah," said the minister, "I am glad of the chance to tell you now. Yonder, on that hill-top, a member of our church lies ill of a fever, and her two children lie ill of it, too: there is not a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor bread in the house. If you will buy five dollars' worth of these, and say to her, 'Sister, I have brought these in our Saviour's name,' and then, with your Bible in your hand, kneel down and pray,—if you do not find heaven before you are through, I will pay the bill." Next day the man said, "Pastor, *I have seen heaven, and I have been in it.*"—*The Dawn.*

237 GOD FIRST

AS Charles G. Finney was returning from the woods on the morning of his conversion he received his call to service. He was a young lawyer with brilliant prospects; but immediately he "conferred not with flesh and blood." When a few days afterward a deacon wished to retain him in an important case, he replied, "*I have been retained by Jesus Christ to plead*

His cause and I cannot plead yours." He never entered a courtroom again as an advocate, and became a true and successful servant of Christ.—*Otterbein Teacher.*

238 "SAFETY FIRST"

WHEN the crew of a lifeboat put off to rescue those on a shipwrecked vessel, their instructions are, "Make your own boat safe before you attempt to save any one from the wreck." If they did not secure their boat, they might be dashed against the vessel or the rocks, and themselves perish. So with us; if we would be useful to others we must ourselves be saved, and be assured of the truth of God's Word; for, to use another illustration, *God will not employ us as His ambassadors until we become His faithful subjects and servants.—Christian Herald.*

239 RESERVOIRS OR RIVERS?

GOD never intended that we should be *reservoirs* of living water, but rather that we should be *flowing rivers.* When George Rhoad, of the Africa Inland Mission, was about to leave for Africa for the first time, he paid a farewell visit to an old coloured mammy who lived in "Swamppoodle," now a part of Philadelphia. He expressed to her his feeling of inadequacy for the task before him, when the old coloured saint replied, "Boy, you can't hold much, but you can spill lots." *It is not the amount of the love of Christ, of His joy or peace that the Christian is able to contain but what he is able to give out that makes him a profitable servant of the Lord Jesus.—Sunday School Times.*

240 DISCOURAGED

SOMETIMES people grow discouraged because their work does not seem to count for much. A taper lay in a drawer, whence its owner took it out and carried it away. "Where are you taking me?" asked the taper. "To show big ships their way across the sea," was the reply. "But no ship could see by means of my tiny light." "Leave that to me," said the owner as *he lighted the big lantern and blew the taper out.*—*Watchword and Truth.*

SIN

241 CONCEALED SIN

JOY began in my life one solemn night when I knelt before Christ and had the holy light of His Spirit turned on the one thing in my life that was sinful," says F. B. Meyer. "It had accumulated there and I was hardly conscious of it. I knew that I had not the power that a Spirit-filled Christian ought to have. That night I resolved that I would not sleep until I had fully surrendered to Christ. It seemed as though Jesus was at my side, and as if I took from my pocket a bunch of keys, and took from the bunch one tiny key, and handed the rest to Christ, saying, 'Here are the keys to my life.' He looked at me sadly and asked, 'Are all here?' 'All but a tiny one to a small cupboard. It is so small that it cannot amount to anything.' He replied, 'Child, if you cannot trust me with everything you cannot trust me with anything.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot give you the key, but I am willing to have you come and take it.' He did so, and then went straight to the cupboard, unlocked and opened it, and saw there a thing that was hideous. He said, 'This

must go out. You must never go this way again.' *The moment He took the thing from me He took the desire for it out of my soul and filled me with His peace."—Earnest Worker.*

242 THE SEDUCTIVENESS OF SIN

DR. CRAFTS tells of a man who, while lying upon the grass, noticed a little plant of sundew. Presently a tiny fly alighted upon it, and tasted one of the tempting glands which grow upon it. Suddenly three crimson-tipped, finger-like hairs bent over and touched its wings with a sticky touch, which held it fast. The fly struggled to get free, but the more it struggled the more hopelessly it became besmeared. It still, however, protruded its tongue, feasting as it was, being more and more firmly held by other hairs, or tentacles, as they are called. When the captive was entirely at the mercy of the plant, the edges of the leaf folded inwards like a closed fist. Two hours later the fly was an empty sucked skin, and the leaf was reopening for another unwary visitor. *So we often do not realize the danger of sin until it holds us bound.*

243 THE EYE OF THE LORD

GEORGE KENNAN, the famous explorer, in one of a series of articles on the Russian exile, described the cells in the Strubatski fortress in which such prisoners were first confined.

In the door of each cell was an opening, commanding every portion of the room, just large enough for a human eye. At any time there eyes may appear, calm and inscrutable—nothing but the eye. There was no corner in which to hide from it. Every act could be

observed, every movement watched, and the effect on the prisoners, guilty or not, was a nervous strain under which many broke completely down.

"The eye of the Lord is in every place, beholding the evil and the good," and the thought is either terrible or blessed according to our view of God and our attitude toward Him. If we think of the Almighty merely as a great Ruler, whose chief aim to uphold the majesty of His law, watchful for every slip, insistent that each shall bear the fullest penalty of every act, then no wonder if the thought of His all-seeing eye is more terrible than the eye of the watcher in the Strubatski fortress. But if we rise to the precious truth of the Fatherhood of God, we rejoice to think of His eye upon us, for its means comfort, protection and help.—*Lutheran Observer.*

244 ONLY A BIT OF STEEL

A SHIP was wrecked off the Irish coast. The captain was known as a careful man, the weather had not been severe enough to make the vessel veer from its course, nevertheless, the ship went down and many lives were lost. Much interest was taken in the wreck and divers went down to explore. Among the portions examined was the compass, and inside the box was found a tiny bit of steel. The day before the wreck a sailor had been ordered to clean the compass. Using his pocket knife, he had unconsciously broken off the point of the blade under the edge of the box. That tiny bit of steel changed the dip of the needle, and drove the ship on hidden rocks.

Some morning we wake up to find that some seeming noble life has foundered. The whole community

stands in silent amazement. What was the cause? The tiny bit of steel hidden away somewhere. *If there is a "bit of steel"—some secret sin—hidden in your breast, remove it before it causes a dip in the needle of life's compass and wrecks your life!*

245 A MATTER OF VIEWPOINT

A CELEBRATED physician who always entered the sick room with a smile was asked how he could be living among so much disease and yet not be overwhelmed by it. He replied: "*I always look upon disease from a curative standpoint.*" The heart of Christ would have broken long before He reached the Cross had not He looked upon sinning humanity from the "curative standpoint." If we would have His joy, let us take His view of evil.

246 UNFINISHED SERMONS

HAVE you ever noticed that St. Peter once intended to preach a sermon, and did not finish it? In Acts 11:15, you find these words: "As I," Peter, "began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them." I had something like that once. I was a speaker with Dr. Torrey in a certain place, and my text was, "I will return to my place till they acknowledge their offences." I asked a rhetorical question, that is, a question to which you do not expect an answer. The question was, "Have any of you been the cause of the Lord returning to His place?" Then somebody stood up and said: "*I am the cause.*" I closed my Bible; I could not say another word. Then we had three hours of confession and weeping before the Lord. And oh, the deliverance that came!—D. H. Dolman.

247 "AFRAID OF NOTHING BUT SIN"

WHEN the Emperor arrested Chrysostom and tried to make him recant, he shook his head. The Emperor said to his guards, "Throw him into prison." "No," said one of them, "he will be glad to go, for he delights in the presence of his God in quiet." "Well, execute him," said the Emperor. "He will be glad to die," said the soldier, "for he wants to go to heaven, I heard him say so the other day. There is only one thing that can give Chrysostom pain, and that is, to make him sin; he said he was afraid of nothing but sin. If you can make him sin, you will make him unhappy." Oh, that God would make us like Chrysostom, *more willing to die than sin!*

248 "BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT"

IF you go to a certain bank in Paris to have a check cashed, a little window will open and close quickly, and, if there should be any question as to whether you really cashed that check or took money out of the bank your picture will be brought into court. It was taken from the window as you cashed the check and received the money. *"Be sure your sin will find you out."*—A. C. Dixon.

249 A GREAT DIVINE'S CONVERSION

HORACE BUSHNELL, when he was the most popular teacher in Yale University, a certain young preacher found it impossible to get any response from the students who came to hear him preach, and found that they were influenced against religion by the well-known unbelief of their beloved tutor. He sought

out Bushnell, and said: "Bushnell, if these things that I am preaching are so, wouldn't you like to know it?"

After a pause Bushnell said: "Certainly I would like to know it, if the thing is reliable and praiseworthy."

Then said the minister: "You can know it, if you'll just be candid."

"How?" asked Bushnell.

"Take Christ's own challenge," said the minister, "and here is that challenge: '*If any man willeth to do the will of God, he shall know of the teaching, whether it is of God.*'"

"But," said Bushnell, "I do not know how to start. I do not know that there is any God at all."

"Start like this," was the reply: "'Oh, God, if there be such a Being, give me light. If Thou hast any interest in my getting light, and if Thou wilt give me light, I will follow such light wherever it leads.' Take that clue, and you will find God."

Bushnell said: "I will take it."

Three days later Bushnell stood on the rostrum of the chapel, and said to his students: "Gentlemen, I have a wonderful thing to tell you. I laughed to scorn all that this man preached, and all the rest of them. I have found out that I was in darkness and they were in the light. I have put God to the test, and I am henceforth His disciple forever."—*Southern Cross.*

SORROW

250 "TEARS FOR ALL WOES"

DORÉ'S great picture, *The Vale of Tears,* is an artistic setting of this beatitude ("Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted"). Over

the vale is the rainbow of hope. All set their faces toward the Christ and His Cross. The mourners, elsewhere unconsoled, are "blessed" as they respond to His call. This beatitude is, therefore, a Gospel in small compass. It is the word of One who has "tears for all woes, a heart for every plea." *If we will let Him, Christ will transmute our sorrows and losses into all the beauties of the rainbow, and all the brilliancy of the diamond.*—Allon Poole.

SOUL-WINNING

251 SPEAK THE WORD OF LIFE!

YEARS ago, when my home was on the bank of the Hudson River, I sat one Monday morning in my study. Suddenly the doorbell rang with that sharp sound which calls for immediate response. I opened the door. There was a member of my church. Her face was pale as death. She was trembling from head to foot. She told me they had taken the body of a boy out of the river just across the road from my home.

I hastened to the place. There was the little form upon the grass. No effort was being made to save him. I took the body in my hands, and with the help of those who stood by tried to encourage respiration. After a while the doctor came to add his skill to the task, and just behind him, the father of the boy. I shall never forget how he cried, "O doctor! for God's sake can't you save him?" But it was too late. The spark of life was gone.

I had to bear the tidings of death to the mother of the boy. I never have had a task from which I shrank the more. God spared me the pain of making

the first announcement of her sorrow. But, oh, the bitterness of heart! I can see her now as she wrung her hands and sobbed, " My boy is dead! My boy is dead! "

We do not condemn the mother for her grief, nor do we think it strange that the father's heart should be broken. But here is something that *is* strange,—*you and I come in contact day after day with souls that are dead in trespasses and sins and we make no effort to bring them into fellowship with Him who can speak the word of life.*—Edwin Forrest Hallenbeck.

252 URGENCY MAY REQUIRE NEW METHODS

WHEN the four men got near to the house where Jesus was, and saw the crowd, their faith may have faltered a little. " We have done the best we can for this poor fellow," I can imagine one of them as saying. " We can't get him into the house, and we might as well carry him home." Another man, however, who had more faith, declared: " This sick man must walk home." Then they did a most unheard-of thing. " They uncovered the roof " and let the patient down to the place where Jesus was. Wasn't this enterprising? If they could have taken the man through the door in the regular way, it would have been foolish to have broken open the roof. But it would have been criminal to have allowed the sufferer to remain in his misery for want of a little ingenuity. Even so, *if we can bring men and women into the church and Sunday-school by ordinary means, well and good. If not, let us try something different, as did these four stretcher-bearers.*—A. C. Crews.

253 THE VALUE OF A SOUL

THERE is a scene I never forget that occurred again and again at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893. At a certain place in the Tiffany exhibit, go along day or night when you would, there was always a crowd. I was there morning and evening, and it was always the same. I could never get right at the place; if I wanted to see what the crowd was looking at I had to stand on my tiptoes and look over their heads and shoulders. And what did I see? Nothing but a cone of purple velvet revolving on an axis, and toward the apex of that cone a huge diamond, worth a fabulous sum of money, and people by hundreds of thousands came to look at that one stone.

"It was well worth looking at; but I never recall that scene without remembering that the soul of one man, one woman, one child—not merely the soul of the wise, the great and the rich, but the soul of the poorest, the most ignorant, the vilest man and woman that walks the streets—*the soul of the most ragged urchin—is of infinitely more value in God's sight than ten thousand gems like that.*"—R. A. Torrey.

254 A PULPIT SUPPLY

A YOUNG clergyman who spent his summer vacations in North Dakota, one day visited a town some miles away from the one where he was staying. He went to the local barber to get a shave. Like the rest of his craft, the barber was a loquacious soul. He showed friendly interest in the stranger, who was not dressed in clerical garb, and began to question him:

"Stranger here, ain't you?" The preacher admitted it.

"Travelling man?" said the barber.

"No."

"Where are you staying?" asked the barber.

"I am supplying the pulpit," said the minister.

"*Supplying the pulpit!*" echoed the barber, who had never heard the phrase before. "*With what?*"

That question set the preacher thinking. He began to ask himself what he actually was supplying that pulpit, and to examine the quality of service he was giving. The chance remark of that barber made a changed man of him. For it made him realize that he had been taking too much for granted, and that what he was getting had perhaps been more than he was giving.

255 "WHY AREN'T YOU UP AND AT IT?"

THE head of a large business concern was at a revival meeting one day, when the minister turned to him and said, "You are a Christian man, why aren't you up and at it?" The man went home in anger and to bed, but could not sleep. At four o'clock in the morning he prayed that God would make him a power in His work, and then went to sleep. At the next meeting of bank presidents which he attended, he turned to the man next to him and spoke to him about divine things. His friend looked at him in amazement, and said, "I've wondered many times why you never spoke to me about it, if you really believed in Christ." That man was the first of several hundred souls which this executive won to Christ.

What tremendous forces we could become if we recognized and acted upon our personal responsibilities!

256 A MORE IMPORTANT INTEREST

TWO Sunday-school teachers were discussing the teaching of a certain lesson. "Did you discuss with your class the distance from Cana to Sychar?" one asked.

"I didn't mention it," replied the other, "because I was so distressed about the distance of some of my pupils from Christ." This teacher had touched the important problem. *Soul-winning is the thing that should more vitally interest us all.—Sunday School Quarterly.*

257 JOHN WESLEY'S TEST FOR PREACHERS

JOHN WESLEY used to ask two questions of the young men whom he sent out to preach. The first was, "Has any one been converted?" and the second, "Did any one get mad?" If the answer was, "No," he told them he did not think the Lord had called them to preach the Gospel, and he sent them back about their business. *When the Holy Ghost convicts of sin, people are either converted or—they don't like it and get mad.*—D. L. Moody.

258 HOW TO PREACH

MR. Spurgeon said to the theological students in his college: "Don't preach above your audience. Some preachers do it. The divine injunction is, 'Feed my lambs,' but *you must not put the food out of the reach of the lambs.* There are so many preachers who read that text as if it were, 'Feed my giraffes'!"—*Watchman-Examiner.*

259 OUR BUSINESS TO SOW THE SEED

"YOU have preached twenty years, and have only made one convert," was the taunt with which a man assailed a servant of the Lord. "Have I converted one?" asked the minister. "Yes, there is such a one, who is really converted under your ministry." "Then here is *twenty years more for another,*" replied the man of God.

260 PRAYING FOR A LOST WORLD

I HAVE long since ceased to pray, "Lord Jesus, have compassion on a lost world!" I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, "*I have had compassion upon a lost world, and now it is for you to have compassion.*"—A. J. Gordon.

261 "SAVED, BUT ALONE"

THE great ocean liner was struck and began to sink. A mother with her two daughters was aboard. In the confusion of the few moments that just preceded the final plunge she became separated from her children. She, herself, was rescued in a lifeboat, but her two children were lost. Upon reaching Liverpool she cabled to her husband in America: "Saved—but alone."

Multitudes of believers, upon reaching heaven, will have the same glorious yet pathetic story—"Saved, but alone." *They were saved, yet so as by fire; but not another soul did they win to Christ.—Christian Victory Magazine.*

262 ANDREW'S BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE

WHAT did you preach about on Sunday? " was the question asked of a city pastor.

" I preached about Andrew," was the reply, " and, do you know, I found him a most interesting character."

" What was there about him that was remarkable? "

" Well, the significant thing about Andrew is that *every time he is mentioned in Scripture he was introducing some one to Jesus.*"

This was certainly a beautiful occupation, and yet it does not call for any wonderful talents. *It is work that any one of us can do.—Westminster Teacher.*

263 THE PERSONAL TOUCH

I LAID my hand upon the shoulder of a noble specimen of young manhood and asked him if he were a Christian? I had not seen him to know him or to separate him from the crowd before that moment. He replied, with an evident desire to detain me, " No, sir; I have heard you preach every Sunday for seven years without one exception, but I am not a Christian yet." He is now one of the most faithful members of the church. *What seven years of preaching had failed to do, five minutes of heart-contact and personal relation accomplished.*—Cortland Myers.

264 GOD'S WORK ALONE TO BE SEEN

MICHAEL ANGELO is said to have worn over his forehead and fastened to his cap a lighted candle for use in his work. The candlelight shone brightly upon the canvas and prevented any shadow of the artist himself from falling upon the picture. The prophet of the Lord was to be a man who should speak

only the word which God had commanded him, and the Lord would not permit any shadow of the prophet himself to mar the canvas where the work of God alone should be seen. *The Lord is often unable to use us in His service because we stand in His light and prevent God's work from being seen in its entirety.—The Christian.*

265 BRINGING OTHERS HELPS US

SAID Father Taylor, when in his last sickness some one suggested to him that angels were about him, "I don't want angels, I want folks. Folks are better than angels." God might have used angels to co-operate with Him in saving people, but He chose "folks."

How happy you would be for the privilege of presenting your best friend to the President. It is your privilege to introduce your friends to Jesus Christ. We don't know very much about Andrew except that he brought Peter to Christ, and that is honour enough for any man.

A physician once said that he kept himself in health by going to see his patients. Whenever he discontinued this, or tried to abandon his practice, he speedily became lethargic, stupid, and dull; but when he resumed, he recovered his strength and vigour.

So, many a Christian man would find spiritual health and strength in trying to bring others to Jesus.

266 THE HUMAN TOUCH

A VISITOR to a glass manufactory saw a man moulding clay into the great pots which were to be used in shaping the glass. Noticing that all the

moulding was done by hand, he said to the workman, "Why do you not use a tool to aid you in shaping the clay?" The workman replied, "There is no tool that can do this work. We have tried many, but somehow it needs the human touch."

There is much of the Lord's work that likewise needs the human touch. Therefore God took upon Himself a human form, that, with a human hand He might touch the sinful and the sorrowing. But now that Christ has gone back again into heaven He does not reach out of the skies that glorified hand to do His work of love in this world, but *He uses human hands—yours and mine—to do in His name the gentle things He would have done for his "little ones" were He here.*

267 RULES FOR TROUT FISHING

I WATCHED an old man trout fishing in Scotland. He was pulling them out one after another briskly. "You manage it cleverly, old friend," I said; "I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything." The old man lifted himself up, and stuck his rod in the ground. "Well," he said, "there be three good rules for trout fishing, and 'tis no use trying if you don't mind them. The first is, keep yourself out of sight; and the second, keep yourself further out of sight; and the third is, keep yourself still further out of sight. Then you'll do it." "*Good for catching men, too,*" thought I.—Mark Guy Pearse.

268 HOW TO WIN SOULS

THE other day I met a life insurance agent, and of course he was very ready to talk about the subject that engrossed so much of his time.

"How many policies," I asked, "would your company sell if it withdrew its agents from the field and depended solely upon newspaper advertising?"

"Scarcely any," he replied. "Every one knows that life insurance is a good thing, and yet, unless personally interviewed, people are likely to postpone consideration of the matter, and so it is in many cases altogether neglected. The only way to get life insurance is to go after it."

Similarly, *the most successful method of bringing men and women to Christ is to seek them out and press upon them the claims of the Saviour.—Westminster Teacher.*

SUBMISSION

269 OUR PLACE IN LIFE

THE minister had just sung a closing hymn, and dismissed his congregation. He was a great singer, whose beautiful voice touched the hearts of his hearers with an earnest desire to labour for God.

"Oh, I wish I could sing like that," said a young girl. "How much good I could do."

One who heard, turned to her and said:

"Miss Sheldon, I remember once expressing a wish similar to that, and an old lady told me this story:

"'When I wish to be something God has not permitted me to be, and think my life and its talents amount to nothing, I always recall a poem that was on the first page of my school reader. A tiny buttercup became discontented and longed to be a tall and beautiful daisy, and the answer was given to it, "But God wants a buttercup—just where you're growing.'"

"So," the woman continued, "*whatever place we fill, God puts us there, and it is a part of His great unerring plan.*"

The girl listened gravely. "I'll not forget that," she said, softly. "God wants a buttercup—just where you're growing."

270 THE HANDLE INSIDE

WHEN Holman Hunt had finished painting *The Light of the World,* he invited a brother-artist into his studio and asked his opinion of it. The artist looked long and carefully at the painting and his experienced eye noted the wonderful expression of tenderness and patience on the face of the Saviour, the light shed by the lamp He carried, and the tangle of thorns growing about the doorway. "It is almost perfect," he said, "but you have forgotten one thing—a handle on the door." "Ah!" said Hunt, "you have missed the significance of my picture; *the handle is on the inside!*"

271 THE FATHER'S WILL

A MAN went into an institution for the deaf and dumb and did a rather thoughtless thing. On the blackboard he wrote, "Why did God make you deaf and dumb, and me able to speak and hear?" A profound wave of emotion went over the children, until a little girl took the chalk and wrote on the blackboard, beneath the question, "*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.*" If you and I can dare to look into the face of God and say that, then the rest of God that passes all understanding must keep our mind and heart.—F. B. Meyer.

SUBSTITUTION

272 CHRIST OUR SUBSTITUTE

THERE is a story told of a Frenchman who was drafted during the Napoleonic wars, but claimed that he was exempt from service. When asked what was the ground of his exemption, he said: "I'm dead. I was drafted before and I procured a substitute, and my substitute went to battle and was killed. He died in my place and hence I'm a dead man as far as conscription goes."

The officer to whom he applied for relief from conscription would not listen. The man appealed to the Emperor, and Napoleon acknowledged the plea.

"Yes," decided Napoleon, "judicially you are dead. You can go to your home; you are perfectly free."

He obtained freedom through the work of another. We can do the same thing; *we can claim redemption from the power of sin through the work and merit of Jesus Christ.*—Canon F. E. Howitt.

SURRENDER

273 GIVE UP NOW!

DR. ANDREW BONAR told me," says D. L. Moody, "how, in the Highlands of Scotland, sheep would often wander off into the rocks and get into places that they couldn't get out of. The grass on these mountains is very sweet and the sheep like it, and will jump down ten or twelve feet, and can't jump back again, and the shepherd hears them bleating in distress. They may be there for days, until they have eaten all the grass. The shepherd will wait until they are so faint they cannot stand, and then he will put

a rope around himself and go over and pull the sheep up out of the jaws of death.

" Why don't he go down there when the sheep first get there? " I asked.

" Ah! " he said, " if they did, the sheep are so very foolish they would dash right over the precipice and be killed! "

And *that is the way with men; they won't go back to God till they have no friends and have lost everything.* If you are a wanderer the Good Shepherd will bring you back the moment you give up trying to save yourself, and are willing to let Him save you in His own way.

274 DEDICATING TEMPLES

THE secret of victory and satisfaction in Christian experience is in complete surrender to Christ. He will suffer no buyers and sellers to divide the temple precincts with him. Personal holiness of heart is not an attainment, it is an obtainment. We do not earn it; it is received as a gift, as our inheritance in Christ, made possible by complete submission to the Divine will.

A physician with an extensive practice became interested in the life of entire consecration, but seemed unable to understand it.

A wise counsellor said to him, " Suppose in going among your patients, you should meet with one who entreated you earnestly to take his case under special care, but who, at the same time, refused to tell you all his symptoms, or to take your prescribed remedies; and should say to you, ' I am quite willing to follow your directions as to certain things, but in other mat-

ters, I prefer judging for myself.' What would you do in such a case? "

"Do," replied the doctor with emphasis, "do! I would leave such a man as that to his own care."

"Well," said the friend, "that is consecration. *God must have the whole case put into His hands without any reserve, and His directions must be implicitly followed.*" The physician saw the point and soon rejoiced in the fulness of the grace of God.

275 A BROKEN HEART AT JESUS' FEET

WHEN Napoleon came back from his first banishment, the towns and cities of France flew to him. But there was one little walled town in the south, where the people were willing to have the Emperor back again, but the authorities of the town were opposed to it. They closed the gates, locked them, and hid the key. The people wanted the Emperor, wanted to surrender, but were unable to do it. Napoleon settled the matter himself: he took a howitzer and blew the gate to pieces. Then the people, not having been able to open the gate, did a beautiful thing. They got a cart, gathered up the fragments of the gate, and drew the cart out before the Emperor, and said, "Sire, we could not open the gate to you, but we bring you the broken pieces." It would be a great thing if *you brought the heart you were unable to yield, but which He Himself has broken, and laid it at His feet.*—W. Y. Fullerton.

276 "LET GO!"

WHEN a ship is moored at a dock and ready to sail the order is given, "Let go!" Then the last rope is loosened, and the ship moves. There are

things that tie us to earth and to the self-life; but the message comes, "If thou wouldst die with Jesus, let go!" Jesus carried the penitent thief through death to life. The thief knew not where he was going, but Jesus, the mighty Conqueror, took him in His arms and landed him in Paradise. *If you cannot understand all about this crucifixion with Christ, never mind; trust the Lord's promise.*—Andrew Murray.

SYMPATHY

277 "ABLE TO SUCCOUR"

DR. STUART NYE HUTCHISON tells the story of a boy whom he knew who had lost his right hand. He felt so badly over it that he did not want to see any one. His father said, "I'm going to bring the minister in to talk to you." The boy said, "I don't want to see him." But his father brought him in. When the boy looked up he saw that the minister had no right arm. Where the arm had been there was only an empty sleeve. He came over to the boy and said, "I haven't any hand, either. I lost mine when I was a boy, and I know how it feels." It wasn't hard for the boy to feel at home with the minister, who "knew how it felt." "*In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.*" —*Earnest Worker.*

TEMPTATION

278 NEW DECOYS NEEDED

A SCIENTIFIC journal lately contained a description of a new mechanical decoy, just patented, for the enticing of birds into the neighbourhood of the

hunter bent on their destruction. It seems that the old-fashioned decoys are not adequate to the purpose desired, so an inventor has brought out a decoy which, when the fowler pulls a cord, will rise and flap its wings and then fall back again, in lifelike fashion. The Evil One likewise feels the need of improving his decoys as time goes by. The crude, coarse baits used in the age of the apostles for entrapping rough Romans will not work with cultured classes today. Indeed, *the adversary of souls has perfected some devices within the last generation which, were it not for the grace of God, would be enough to deceive and ensnare the very elect.—Zion's Herald.*

279 HOW TO AVOID TEMPTATION

A MAN once asked an Eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation? The king told him to take a vessel brimful of oil and carry it through the streets of the city without spilling one drop. "If one drop is spilled," said the king, "your head is forfeited," and he ordered executioners, with drawn swords, to walk behind the man to carry out his order.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town, and the streets were crowded with people. However, the man was very careful, and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. Then the king asked: "Did you see any one while walking the streets?"

"No," said the man, "my mind was on the oil; I noticed nothing else."

"Then," said the king, "you have learned how to

avoid temptation. *Fix your mind on God as you fixed it on the oil.* You will not, then, be tempted to sin."

280 YIELDING TO TEMPTATION

A MAN in public life was convicted of accepting a bribe from the liquor interests. "It was my misfortune that they singled me out from among the rest," he complained. "They didn't," said a colleague. "A good many of us were approached, but *you were the only one who was willing to talk it over.*"—Mattie M. Boteler.

281 A VALUABLE LESSON

BILLY BRAY, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many of God's children, gives much instruction in his quaint way as to how to treat the temptations of Satan.

He says that one day, when he was a little downhearted, he stood upon the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say, "Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble." He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said, "Oh, no, Satan; you can throw *yourself* down there; that's *your* way home; I'm going in a different direction."

Another time his crop of potatoes turned out poorly; as he was digging them in the fall, Satan was at his elbow and said, "Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all year? Look at those small potatoes." Billy stopped hoeing and replied, "Ah, Satan, at it again! *Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all!*" And on he went hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes.—D. W. Whittle.

282 SENSING THE ENEMY

A GREAT menagerie was being sold, and with it a good deal of straw that had been at one time or other used as temporary bedding for the wild beasts. That straw was bought by a man that owned a livery stable. When he put the straw, on which a lion had couched, into the stalls, the horses, though they had never seen a lion in their lives, were uneasy and restless. It was an instinctive dread of the enemy. *So if we are wholly given over to do right and only right, we shall have a God-given instinct which will warn us of the presence of evil.—Sunday School Times.*

283 KEEP OUT OF THE ENEMY'S TERRITORY

THE other day we watched our cat being beaten at its own game. It set itself to stalk a bird. It set all its diabolical machinery to work. It slunk, and glared, and edged forward; but the little bird leaped upward into the air. Whereupon we made a note in our mind of a counsel to this effect: *The only way to wrestle with certain enemies of the soul is to leave their ground.—British Weekly.*

TESTING

284 THE TESTED BLACKSMITH

SOME years after he had given his heart to God, a blacksmith was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with this question: "Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you joined the church and began to walk square, you have twice as many trials and accidents as you had before.

I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the preacher tells us? "

"Do you see this piece of steel? " the smith replied. "It is for the springs of a carriage. But it needs to be tempered. In order to do this, I heat it red-hot and cool it with water. If I find it will take a temper I heat it again; then I hammer and bend and shape it. Often I find the steel too brittle, and it cannot be used. If so, I throw it on the scrap pile. Scraps are worth less than one cent a pound; but this carriage spring is valuable."

He paused and continued: "God saves us for something more than to have a good time. We have the good time all right, for the smile of God means heaven. But He wants us for service, just as I want this piece of steel. And He puts the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to Him, '*Test me in any way you choose, Lord, only don't throw me on the scrap pile.*' "—*Herald of Holiness.*

285 THE TEST OF FIRE

DR. STUART HOLDEN once told his congregation how, when he visited a factory where costly china was made, the thing that interested him most was the painting of the finished product. "It had been through many processes, and was taken to a studio for the artist to complete. I saw the pattern being put on in various colours, and noticed that a great deal of black was being used. On asking why, I was told, "*It is black now, but it will be gold when it comes out of the fire.*' " Is not this just as in our lives?—*Sunday School Times.*

286 WHAT MAKES A DIAMOND?

I WAS much struck a short time ago, when going through the largest diamond cutting works in the world, to notice how unattractive an uncut diamond really is. I found that what really made a brilliant was the fact that, though it might be no larger than a small shot, no fewer than sixty-four facets were cut upon its surface, every one of which reflected a ray of light. Is it not often in sickness and trial that facet after facet is cut and polished on the human diamond, so that it becomes more and more luminous and radiant? It is the cutting that beautifies the gem; and the diamond, which has no colour itself, thus reflects every colour of the rainbow. The radiance will never pass away from any human jewel when it has once been through God's workshop. There are plenty of rough diamonds among God's children that might be thus changed into brilliants.

It is quite clear that there is a pressure, a crushing, a sickness, a failure of bodily power that does brighten and illume the sufferer. Life and joy do not therefore necessarily mean healthy life and joy, for joy may be seen in many even when the life is unhealthy, though we grant that such is not the normal condition. *We are not all diamonds, but we are all His jewels, and require cutting to be radiant, and still deeper cutting if we are to reveal the image of our Lord.*—A. T. Schofield.

287 THE REASON FOR TOIL, TEMPTATION AND TRIAL

AS a boy I was interested in the study of butterflies. One day I found a "jug-handle," the

chrysalis of the so-called tobacco moth, one of the most beautiful of insects. Taking it home, I preserved it with care, anticipating its opening. At last my watch was rewarded. The miller was struggling to escape! How it toiled and worked, writhing to and fro! Fearing that the air of the house had hardened the shell I assisted the insect in his efforts. As he struggled I opened the chrysalis, until in a fraction of the time he had needed to do the work himself he was free. But there was no beauty of colouring, no strength of limb, and after a few feeble flutters he ceased to move.

My disappointment was great. Why had he died? Years after I learned that the struggles to escape from the shell were wisely ordered of God. They were necessary to send the juices circulating through the body, to strengthen the legs and to bring out the beautiful colours. My help was mistaken kindness.

So with our lives. *Toil, struggle and trial are necessary that God's children may be fashioned in the likeness of Him who "though he were a Son, yet learned obedience through the things he suffered."* —Jesse F. Forbes.

288 WHERE BLESSINGS COME FROM

AN aged pair, known for their contentment, affection and happy Christian lives, were asked, as they spoke of many joys that had been their portion, "Have you, then, had no clouds in your sky?" "Why, yes!" they replied. "*Where else could all the blessed showers come from?*"—*Reformed Church Record.*

THANKSGIVING

289 HAVE YOU EVER SAID "THANK YOU"?

A WOMAN was visiting a hospital. She went to a bed on which lay a wounded soldier, and said gently, "Thank you for being wounded for me." The man's face brightened. That was a new thought to him; it made the pain more bearable to look upon it in that light. *Do you realize that, long ago, One was wounded for you?* And that "One" was no less than the Son of God Himself!

TRANSFORMATION

290 MONEY LOST, FOUND, RETURNED

A YOUNG native was employed in the largest hotel in Nairobi, capital of our colony. One duty was to sweep the barroom each morning. There he discovered a roll of bills. He supposed they had been dropped by a customer and reasoned: "They do not belong to the hotel any more than to me, so I will keep them." Later he invested the money in goats, but being a Christian, his conscience condemned him, and he came to the missionary and told him the story, saying he wanted to earn money to return this amount to the hotel manager. This he did, and asked the missionary to take it, with his explanation. The manager of the hotel said, "Did no other person know that he had found the money?" "No." "Then why did he confess?" "Because he is a Christian." "Yes, but if nobody knew it, why did he confess? I cannot understand it," continued the manager. The manager handed the money back to the missionary, telling him

to use it in his work, that he did not feel like touching money such as that—it belonged to God. The manager had never before known an African native do such a thing, and it was to him *the strongest testimony of the power of the Gospel to transform a life.*—Hulda J. Stumpf.

291 LIFE FROM THE DEAD

ONE of Faraday's workmen by accident dropped a little, highly valued silver cup into a strong acid bath. In a little while it had utterly disappeared. But when Faraday came in and learned of it he said nothing, cast another acid into the jar, and the silver soon precipitated—a shapeless mass, indeed, but every grain was there. A few days later it came back a more beautiful cup from the hands of the silversmith. *May not God as readily restore our bodies after the decay and disorganization of death?*

292 WEALTH IN THE RUBBISH-HEAP

THE refuse of London, which five thousand men are continually engaged in getting rid of, was once a matter of great anxiety to the city authorities. But now it is regarded as a mine of wealth.

Old tins and pans, we are told, are marketable. The ash goes to the land, the rags to the paper mills, the bones to the boilers for glue, and the decaying matter to the destructor to be turned into a valuable fertilizer.

In some instances steam is made by burning the rubbish, and electricity generated with the aid of the steam.

Even so, broken and wasted lives may be transmuted by the alchemy of divine grace into vessels fit for the Master's use.

293 "THE SHINE"

A MISSIONARY tells the story of a Hindu trader in a market in India asking a native Christian: "Perma, what medicine do you put on your face to make it shine so?"

He replied, "I don't put anything on."

"Oh, yes, you do," exclaimed the trader. "All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra and I've seen it in Bombay, and all other cities where you Christians come to the market."

Then Perma's face shone all the more, and he said: "*It is not medicine that we put on, but love and peace we have within,* if we are Christians, that makes our faces shine. Our sacred Book says that a 'merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and Christians have happy hearts."—*Classmate.*

294 HOW TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

A DIFFERENCE can be observed between the faces of the Chinese converts to Christianity and those of the non-Christian natives. The story is told of a Chinese woman who asked the woman missionary teacher if only pretty girls were taken into the mission school. "No," replied the teacher, "we take all who come to us." "But," continued the Chinese woman, "all your girls seem to be beautiful." "We teach them soul culture," explained the teacher. "Well," said the woman, "I do not want my daughter to become a Christian, but I am going to send her to your school, that she may have that look in her face." *It is well for us to remember that the expression on the face depends on the state of the heart. When Christ reigns in human hearts He transfigures them within, and this*

transformation reveals itself in the face.—Westminster Teacher.

295 UNLIKELY MATERIAL

WHEN Dr. A. C. Good pioneered in Bulu Land, Africa, he wrote: "How often the thought came to me that if heaven is to be a happy home for God's people, it will not do to admit these Bulus! And yet they are material out of which saints may be made. Out of these rough, unlovely blacks might be wrought beautiful images of Christ."

In our contact with people who lack beauty and culture, we need to bear in mind the fact that God is able to work miracles. The power of the Divine is unlimited. There will be some surprises in store for us in the place which the Master has prepared for those who love Him. We shall see some beautiful images wrought out of unlikely material.—*Forward.*

TRIFLING

296 "STRIKING AT THE ROOT"

A GENTLEMAN, having called in his doctor, said, "Now, sir, I wish no more trifling; my illness is serious, and I want you to strike at the root of my disease." "It shall be done," said the doctor, and lifting his walking stick, *he smashed the wine decanter which stood on the table.—Sunday School Chronicle.*

297 WRONG INTERPRETATION

A MOTHER desiring to teach her son orderliness sent him at school the framed motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place." Some

time later, she discovered the motto, hanging on the wall behind a curtain. Behind the curtain on the floor there was a heap of clothing, shoes and books. *There is a sinful method of interpreting truth.*

TRUST

298 TRUST AS WELL AS BELIEVE

MANY years ago children used to be intensely interested in hearing about Blondin, the tightrope walker. On one occasion he walked across a rope stretched across the centre transept of the Crystal Palace at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, and carried a heavy man across with him. At the other side he offered to carry a tiny boy across. The boy demurred. "Don't you believe I can," questioned the performer. "Yes, I know you can," said the boy, "for you have carried that big man across." "Then let me carry you over," replied Blondin. "Not me! " said the boy, as he hurried away. *He was like many other people, who believe God can save them, but they will not let Him.—British Evangelist.*

299 DOUBT, OR CONFIDENCE?

IN the early days of the West, a traveller came, for the first time in his life, to the banks of the Mississippi. There was no bridge, and he had to cross. It was early winter, and the surface of the mighty river was sheeted with ice. He knew nothing of its thickness, however, and feared to trust himself to it. He hesitated long, but night was coming on, and he had to reach the other shore. At length, with many fears, and infinite caution, he crept out on his hands and knees, thinking thus to distribute his weight as much

as possible, and trembling with every sound. When he had crawled painfully half-way over, he heard a sound of singing behind him. There in the dusk came a coloured man driving a four-horse load of coal across upon the ice and singing as he went! *Many a Christian creeps tremblingly upon God's promises where another, stronger in faith, goes singing through life upheld by the same word.* "Have faith in God."—*Heidelberg Teacher.*

300 A CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHIC PHENOMENON

A PARTY of amateur photographers set out one afternoon to get some views of Pontoosuc Lake, nestling between the hills on the north of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Reaching a good vantage-ground, they placed their camera in position and made a shot. They noticed a strange spot on the lake, which at that distance looked like a small island, but when they looked again it had disappeared.

They returned to their hotel and developed the plates. The little spot was distinctly marked. Being curious to understand its nature, they examined it through a powerful magnifying-glass, and saw a complete reproduction of a drowning scene. There was an overturned boat, a man clinging to the stern, the head of another man just visible above the water.

While they were examining it a man arrived at the hotel, and reported that a boating accident had occurred that afternoon and two men drowned. The photographers had been too far away to distinguish the incident, which the camera had made clear afterwards.

It is so in moral and spiritual things. *The meaning of events that puzzle him now, will, one day, be made plain to the man who trusts where he cannot understand.*

Even from the companions of Jesus many things were hidden that they perceived them not, but afterward the Holy Spirit taught them, and brought "all things to their remembrance."

301 MY FATHER KNOWS

IN one of the public schools of a large city a transom window fell out with a crash. The cry of "Fire" was raised, and a terrible panic ensued. The scholars rushed into the street, shrieking in wild dismay. The alarm extended to the teachers also, one of whom actually jumped from the window. Among hundreds of children with whom the building was crowded was one girl who, through all the frightful scene, maintained entire composure. The colour, indeed, forsook her cheeks; her lips quivered, the tears stood in her eyes; but she moved not. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, the question was asked how she came to sit, without apparent alarm, when everybody else was in such a fright. "My father," said she, "is a fireman, and knows what to do in such a case, and he told me if there was an alarm of fire in the school to just sit still." What a beautiful illustration of faith! *"My father told me, and my father knows!"—Conference Herald.*

302 THE TWO MONKS

I PLANTED a little tree," said a monk, "and I prayed, 'Lord, send rain to nourish its life,'" and presently the environing earth was cool with refresh-

ing showers. " And now, Lord, send sunshine to give it vigour," and under the expanding influence of the sun its rootlets struck deeper into the friendly soil. Time passed, and the monk said, " Send frost, Lord, to toughen its fibre," and the frost came with its icy touch, and in the morning when the sun was shining in its strength, the little tree died.

" I, too, planted a little tree," said his brother monk, *" but I committed it to the care of my heavenly Father, and, behold, my little tree lives."*—John R. Riebe.

303 A WORD TO THE ANXIOUS

A COLOURED woman named Nancy earned a moderate living by washing. One day one of those anxious Christians said to her: " Ah, Nancy, it's well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would make you sober. Suppose, for instance, you should be taken sick, or suppose your employers should move away, or suppose—" " Stop! " cried Nancy. " I neber supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey, *it is all dem 'sposes' as is makin' you so mis'able. You orter give dem all up, an' jes' trust in de Lord."—Sunday School Times.*

304 " IN GOD WE TRUST "

MY friend is a nose and throat specialist, and one day a little girl was brought to his office for a small operation on her nose. For some reason he could not give the little thing an anæsthetic; so he took a fifty-cent piece out of his pocket and put it in her hand.

" ' That's for you to spend exactly as you like as soon as this is over,' he said cheerily. ' I am going to

hurt you a little, I am afraid, but if you take a good look at the fifty cents before I begin, and then hold it tight in your hand and keep thinking of what you see all the time I am at work, it won't hurt so very much.'

"The child went through the operation unusually well. 'You are a very brave little girl,' the doctor said, patting her on the head, 'and pretty soon you can go out and spend your money. Tell me all the things you thought of while I was at work.'

"'*I thought of the words,*' said the little girl.

"'The words?' repeated the doctor; 'the date, you mean?' It was a long time since he had really noticed a fifty-cent piece and hardly remembered that it had any words on it at all.

"'Why, no, those are numbers. *I mean the words at the top, "In God We Trust."*' said the little girl simply. 'It's the first half-dollar I ever had, so I never saw them before. It's just lovely to have them there, *and while you were doing your work I kept my mind on those words.*'"—*Youth's Companion.*

305 TRUST IN GOD

YOU and I have to be willing to yield the future to the Lord, and then the Lord will keep us in line with His purposes throughout the whole of our life. Discipleship means yielding oneself to Him that He may fulfil His purposes of grace, that He may do all His will in you, and that He may give Himself in His fulness. The consecration which the Bible reveals is that which means *the continuous realization that our Lord is a perfect Saviour; a Saviour to the uttermost; One who is able to keep, and does keep.*—J. A. Bevan.

TRUST MISPLACED

306 WHOM DO YOU FOLLOW?

THE man who undertakes to show the way must first himself be certain about the way. I was lost only once on the prairie. I was always so much afraid of being lost that I was continually taking my bearings. But once I was lost; and the reason was that I didn't pay any attention to my bearings, and the reason for that was that I had a fellow with me who thought he knew the way. I followed him, careless of my surroundings, until I discovered that he was lost, and that he had lost me. So, the very fact that we have to assume the responsibility for showing the way to any man, makes it tremendously important that we should see clearly and know definitely certain things about the way ourselves." *If we follow Christ we cannot go wrong.—Sunday School Chronicle.*

UNBELIEF

307 A PROMPT REPORT

SOME students had dropped into a house in Oxford one Sunday evening. The subject of Balaam's ass came up. Said the host: "We can scarcely be expected to believe that the animal really spoke human words. It is quite incredible. An animal could not speak." Just then a parrot which was in a cage in the room chimed, "I say, what are you talking about! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" The host looked dumbfounded for a minute, then joined in the laugh. "*What about Balaam's ass now?*" asked one of the company.

UNITY

308 PLEASING OURSELVES OR CHRIST?

THE old pastor was surely in bitter mood when he said that his members were like cabbages—they flourished best when they were planted a good way apart. *Christians exhibit their fitness for spiritual fellowship when they can seek each other out in private, or in the public ordinances, full of humility and mutual esteem, ready to confer together about the love of God, the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the doctrines of the Gospel, and their experiences thereof: meanwhile concerting measures how they may best please their Lord.* —Walter S. Rolls.

WATCHFULNESS

309 MINUTE MEN

DURING the American Revolution the citizens of Boston raised a special army of sixteen thousand men, who were called "minute men," because they were to be ready for active service at a minute's notice. The safety of our religious life depends upon our being God's minute men. We never know what emergencies may be approaching, what commissions may be ripening, what chances may be on the way, and the service and safety of our souls depend upon our readiness for action. Admiral Fisher said the Navy never required time for preparation for war; it was always ready, for the Navy is always at war, fighting fog and storm and sea. *A Christian can never lose his alertness; there is no discharge. "What I say unto you I say unto all: Watch!"*—John MacBeath.

WITNESSING

310 A PREACHER'S DIFFICULTIES

A YOUNG preacher in a college town was embarrassed by the thought of criticism in his cultivated congregation. He sought counsel from his father, an old and wise Christian worker, saying: "Father, I am hampered in my ministry in the pulpit I am now serving. If I cite anything from geology, there is the teacher of this science, right before me. If I use an illustration of Roman mythology, there sits the man who is able to trip me up for any little inaccuracy. If I instance something in English literature that pleases me, I am cowered by the presence of the learned man who teaches that study. What shall I do?" The sagacious old man replied: "Do not be discouraged, *preach the Gospel. They probably know very little about that.*"—*The Witness.*

311 IS GOD SILENT?

"YOU are angry," said a negro to Dan Crawford, at the end of a fifteen-mile trek in the tall grass of Central Africa. "Why do you say so?" "Because you are silent," was the reply. "Tell me more about it." "In our language," answered the black man, "we say that if a man is silent he is angry. This is why we know God is angry, because He is silent." "God is silent!" The intrepid missionary was cut to the heart. He opened his pocket Testament and read to the man the first verse of the epistle to the Hebrews. Much more, he went to work at translating the New Testament into the language of his Central African brother, and at building schoolhouses in which the people might be taught to read the word which God had

spoken in Jesus Christ nearly two thousand years before. *God was not silent. But the messengers to whom He had committed His good news had been slow to tell it, as He had bidden them.—Vision and Power.*

312 EVERY BELIEVER AN EVANGELIST

DR. R. A. TORREY, at the close of an evangelistic meeting one night, said to a young lawyer, who was in the meeting, "Are you a Christian?" "Well, sir," the lawyer said, "I consider myself a Christian." Dr. Torrey said, "Are you bringing other men to Christ?" He said, "No, I am not, that is not my business; that's your business, I am not called to do that. I am called to practice law; you are called to preach the Gospel." I said, "If you are called to be a Christian, you are called to bring other men to Christ." He said, "I don't believe it." I said, "Look here." Then I opened my Bible at Acts 8:4, and asked him to read, and he read, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." "Oh, yes," he said, "but these were the apostles." I said, "Will you be kind enough to read the first verse of the chapter," and he read, "*They were all scattered abroad except the apostles,*" and "*they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.*" He had nothing more to say. What *could* he say?—*Alliance Weekly.*

313 GRATITUDE SOMETIMES MISDIRECTED

A GREAT surgeon operated on a poor boy, whose foot was twisted out of shape. The operation was successful, and a friend came to take the little in-

valid home. He said to the boy, "What a beautiful hospital you have been in!" "Yes," said the boy, "but I like the doctor best." The friend spoke of the nurses and their kindness. But the boy replied, "Yes, they are kind, but I like the doctor best." When he brought the boy home his mother was charmed to see her son again. She looked at once at his foot. "Why, it's just like any other boy's foot now," she exclaimed with delight. All the time the lad was saying to her, "Mother, you ought to know the doctor who made me walk." *There is not one of us for whom Jesus has not done a thousand times more than the surgeon did for the boy. Yet we have rarely spoken of Him and insisted on making Him known to others.—Sunday School Times.*

314 REFLECTING CHRIST

YOUR religion is all moonshine," said a scoffer to a Christian.

"Thank you for the compliment," was the ready answer. "Christ is the light of the world, and *we Christians only reflect Him as the moon reflects the light of the sun.*"—*Sunday School Quarterly.*

WITNESSING BY LIFE

315 PREACHING BY LIFE

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery and, laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said, "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach." So they went forth. As they walked along upon their way, conversing as they went, they wound their way down

the principal streets, round the lowly alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" And Francis looked kindly down upon his son and said: "My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen—looked at; our behaviour has been marked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, *it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk.*"—E. Paxton Hood.

316 "SELLING" THE GOSPEL

A MAN walked into a grocery store in a country town and deposited his grips. To the proprietor, he said, "I am B., representing the A. Coffee Company. I wish to show you our line of goods and give you our price list; I feel confident you will be glad to buy of us."

The proprietor *did* buy because he believed the representative and liked the goods he carried. The grocery man never saw the firm or any of its officers; he saw only its representative, or witness, and the goods he carried. After several purchases he knew the firm's methods of business, but, at first, only its representative. Many have never dealt with God, and all they have for first impressions and information are His representatives or witnesses and the goods they carry.

If men believe in His representatives and once try the goods, they get to know Him and His manner of dealing, but they know Him first only through His representatives or witnesses. Are we carrying His

goods and representing Him? Are we His witnesses? —Ex.

317 LETTING ONE'S LIGHT SHINE

ONCE, in giving an object-talk to Juniors on letting our light shine, I held up a lighted candle. "Now," I said, "we can all see its light. Suppose I cover it," and I turned a can over it, adding, "It is shining, but it isn't doing any good." Here I removed the cover, and—well, it wasn't shining. The illustration was better than I had counted upon. The Christian who hides his light, and doesn't want others to know he is a Christian, sooner or later actually ceases to be what he is trying in so weak a way to be. *It requires the fresh air of sincerity to keep the light of Christian character burning.*—Mattie M. Boteler.

318 HE PRACTICED WHAT HE PREACHED

A CHAPLAIN on the battlefield came to a man who was wounded. "Would you like me to read you something from this book—the Bible?" he asked the soldier. "I'm so thirsty," replied the man; "I would rather have a drink of water." Quickly as he could the chaplain brought the water. Then the soldier asked, "Could you put something under my head?" The chaplain took off his light overcoat, rolled it and put it gently under the soldier's head for a pillow. "Now," said the soldier, "if I had something over me! I am very cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do. He took off his own coat and spread it over the soldier. The wounded man looked up into his face, and said gratefully, "Thank you." Then he added feebly, "*If there is anything in*

that book in your hand that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, please read it to me."

319 LIGHT

THE use of a lantern is to give light. The Christian is a light-bearer. The light shines into our hearts, as the sun's rays break into a dark cellar immediately the shutters are down. That illustrates what takes place at conversion. Then the light is to shine in our hearts as the light shines in the lantern, to give light to those around. Out of the bosom of darkness light sprang at the bidding of God, at the creation. So God has irradiated us by His own light—that is, by a display of Himself. *And the great purpose of the shining forth of this divine light in the heart is that we might be the means of giving light to others.*—Evan H. Hopkins.

320 EVERY BELIEVER A REFLECTOR

ON Arnish Rock, Stornaway Bay, there is a lighthouse without a lamp. It is simply provided with a mirror reflector, upon which at night falls a stream of light from another lighthouse five hundred feet away.

Christ is the spiritual Sun, the original Source of all illumination, and even such shining luminaries as John the Baptist are merely reflectors. It is, however, an encouraging thought that *even the humblest Christian may reflect some of the light that he receives from Christ.—Westminster Teacher.*

321 THE PRACTICING COUNTS

A MAN was once asked under whose preaching he had been converted to God? With a smile he

replied, "Not under the *preaching* of any one; it was under my aunt's *practicing*." The quiet godly ways and conversation of his relative had more effect upon him than all the sermons he had ever heard. She was an epistle written in his heart. She was known by her fruit, for she followed in the path of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and who has left us an example that we should follow His steps.

322 HOW THE SOLDIER ANSWERED

WHEN in Egypt some years ago, holding meetings among soldiers, J. Stuart Holden states that he asked a big sergeant in a Highland regiment, who was as bright and shining for the Lord as it is possible for a saved soldier to be, how he was brought to Christ? His answer was this: "There is a private in this same company who was converted in Malta before the regiment came on to Egypt. We gave that fellow an awful time. The devil got possession of me, and I made that man's life a positive burden to him. Well, one terribly wet night, he came in from sentry-go. He was very tired and wet, and before getting into bed he got down to pray. My boots were heavy with wet and mud, and I let him have one on one side of the head and the other on the other side; and he just went on with his prayers. *Next morning I found those boots beautifully polished by the side of my bed. That was his reply to me; and it just broke my heart, and I was saved that day.*"

323 A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT

A BRICK manufacturer, who is a very substantial man, advertised for a boy. A boy appeared, and

he was running over with questions. "How much wages do you pay?" was the first question. "Five dollars a week and board," was the reply. "What kind of board?" said the sharp applicant for a position. "Well," said the corpulent, good-natured manufacturer, "*I* eat it." "Give me the job," said the boy, with an appraising glance at his prospective employer. The proprietor was a good advertisement of the food that he gave his workmen. *If you and I should ask some one to become a Christian, would he look at the Gospel's results in our lives and say "I want it"?—Sunday School Chronicle.*

WORKS

324 WHERE DO I PARK MY CAR?

GEORGE HARMON made application to be admitted to the Los Angeles county poor farm. He was just about to be admitted to the institution as a dependent when he asked the official in charge, "Where do I park my car?" When informed that the county did not provide garage accommodations he motored away in a popular-make sedan.

Man, when he comes to Christ, must come as a spiritual beggar; he dare not bring in his hand any self-righteousness, nor "works" of any kind to commend himself to God.

WORLDLINESS

325 QUESTIONABLE AMUSEMENTS

I THINK a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman, who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful place of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend, "but I am

reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide of the party.

" Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine? " she asked petulantly.

" Yes'm," returned the old man. " There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."

There is nothing to prevent the Christian wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him wearing white garments afterward.

326 THE EMPEROR LIKE BURNING FLAX

IT was a custom in Rome that when the Emperor went by upon some grand day in all his imperial pomp there was an officer appointed to burn flax before him, crying out, " *Sic transit gloria mundi* " (" Thus passeth the glory of the world "), to put him in mind that all his honour and grandeur should soon vanish and pass away like the smoke vapour from the burning flax. " *What is your life? It is even a vapour.*"

327 " WHICH WORLD? "

YES, I saw considerable of John," said the member of the family who had been away among friends. " John is getting on in the world." There was a moment's pause, and then the grey-haired

mother by the fireside asked, "*Which world?*"—*Earnest Worker.*

WORRY

328 TOMORROW FOR TOMORROW

WOULD it not be better to leave tomorrow with God? That is what is troubling men; tomorrow's difficulties, tomorrow's burdens, tomorrow's duties. Martin Luther says: "I have one preacher that I love better than any other upon earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a little tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing and goes fast asleep, and *leaves tomorrow to look after itself.* He is the best preacher that I have on earth."—H. W. Webb-Peploe.

329 THE TWO-DAY PLAN

A GIRL who had made her life useful and successful told a younger cousin how she did it. "I wasn't a bit worth while in life," she explained, "until I took up the two-day plan."

"The two-day plan?" asked the cousin. "What is that?"

"Why, two rules in a magazine article. One was, '*Forget the day that is done,*' and the other was, '*Prepare to make the coming day the best day you ever knew.*' So I started out to try it, and I called it the two-day plan. I always had worried a lot over things

after they had happened. I used to go over them in my mind, and fret about them. But I have stopped that. The two-day plan leaves it all behind. What I must think about is how to make tomorrow better, how to make it the best day in prayer, Bible reading, kindness, truth, and hard work. You must be satisfied, but always aim for a still better day. Try the two-day plan awhile. You will find it a good plan, one that will make you happier than you have ever been before. —S. R. Cate.

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